

THE COLORED HARVEST

"The Harvest is Great but the Laborers are Few."

Baltimore, Md.

PUBLISHED WITH THE APPROBATION OF HIS EMINENCE, CARDINAL GIBBONS.

October, 1892.



LOOK UPON THE FACE OF THY CHRIST.

Hymn to the Holy Face of Christ.

TEARS on Thy Sacred Face,
My God,
Long sorrow told by tears!
A wreath of torture, crowns at last,
The agony of years.
Thy glory dimmed, Thy beauty fled,
Thy tender, touching grace
Beams on us now no longer here,
O Sacred, suffering Face.

Unclose Thy weary eyes,
My God;
Bow down Thy weary head;
Over the soul that prostrate lie,
Thy precious Blood be shed.
O royal flood! O golden flood!
Of faith, of hope, of grace!
Bless Thou the hearts and eyes that seek
Thy Sacred, suffering Face.

—Aus. Mess.

Devotion to the Holy Face.

A Work of Reparation.

When we truly love a person we seek to do everything that will give him pleasure, and we exert ourselves to comfort him in tribulation and to extend him our deepest sympathy in all the troubles that may befall him; in other words, we endeavor to smooth away the asperities of life for those who are dear to us, and to make their lines lie in pleasant places.

If we truly and really love God, we are willing not only to render Him all the homage and adoration to which He is entitled as our bountiful and merciful Creator, but we shall strive to procure for Him all the glory and the homage that are His due. We will endeavor, also, in a special manner to make Him amends and atonement, in so far as in us lies, for the sins committed against His Majesty.

Among the sins that most cry out aloud for vengeance are those of the desecration of Sunday and of blasphemy. They are the product of a cold, calculating hatred of God and of His holy commandments. In the case of blasphemy, there is no palliation or excuse that can be offered by the sinner for his crime, for its indulgence possibly afford him the slightest gratification. Children even blaspheme, and everywhere, among the high and the low, the rich and the poor, we hear the holy name of God taken in vain.

Sunday desecration is also a most prevalent sin, in spite of the commandment of the church and the decrees of councils. The desire of gain, the inclination to indulge in the pleasures of sense, a widespread sentiment of dislike to all the restraints of religion, are causes that operate to tear from the Lord's day its sacred character.

While the Catholic press and pulpit denounce the sins of desecration of Sunday and all good men deplore the license that prevails in regard to its non-sanctification, yet there remains one agency for the achievement of Sunday observance. It is the devotion to the Holy Face. Mr. Dupont, known as the Holy Man of Tours, is the apostle of this devotion. Started in his house about fifty years ago, it has spread throughout the world, having been erected into an arch-confraternity by our Holy Father. Its work is reparation for the blasphemies committed against the Holy Name and for the desecration of Sunday. Thank God, in our land Sunday is pretty well observed; but, alas! blasphemy is frightfully on the increase. We present the subscribers of THE COLORED HARVEST with the picture of the Holy Face, taken from the original now in Rome, which is said to be the impression left by our Lord on the towel of Veronica, the holy soul who met Him on the way to Calvary. The medal, too, which goes with this issue of THE COLORED HARVEST, is of the Holy Face and St. Joseph. It was specially struck off for St. Joseph's Society for the Colored Missions. Every medal is blessed.

One Hundred Masses at the Shrine of the Holy Face.

On page 16 are given the spiritual benefits. There will be one hundred masses said this year at the shrine of the Holy Face, Tours, France. These will be offered up in special reparation for the awful habit of cursing and blasphemy, as also for the neglect of mass on Sunday. Should any of our subscribers have friends addicted to either of these evils they should get them to subscribe for THE COLORED HARVEST.

Membership in St. Joseph's Society.

1. St. Joseph's Society is composed of clergy and laity. The former devote themselves to the evangelization of the colored people, while the latter contribute of their means to support missions amongst them.
2. Annual subscribers to THE COLORED HARVEST are members of St. Joseph's Society.
3. The yearly subscription is twenty-five cents.

The Negro and Education.

At the close of the war the freedmen had no book-learning. Until that time it had been a penal offence to teach slaves how to read. In less than a single generation nearly one-third of their number have learned to read and write. If more cannot do so, it is because they have had no opportunity of learning. Year by year the Southern States have been increasing the number of schools. Last year the number reached 21,000, with 2,000,000 pupils on the roll. *Still there are 1,103,000 children who never darken the door of a school.* They are to be found on the plantations in the remote country districts where there are no schools as yet. For the support of the existing schools, the whites pay 95 per cent. of the taxes. They complain, however, that the schools are not improving the morals of the young people. Book-learning, they say, is making them smarter, but not better, and rather worse than their uneducated parents. Can anything better be reasonably expected from a Godless education? *Do men gather grapes of thorns and figs of thistles?*

The Protestant sects have shown great zeal for the education of the Negro. The greater part of the \$35,000,000 which they sent to the South since the war has been expended on education. Here are a few instances: The American Missionary Society has put \$6,000,000 into education. The Methodist Episcopal Church has 7,678 schools, 65 of higher grade. The Congregationalists have put \$8,000,000 into schools and have sent out over 6,000 graduates. The Peabody Fund expends \$70,000 annually on schools and the Slater Fund helps 10,000 young people yearly to obtain an education, while the Hand Fund does equally as much. These schools, as well as the many others not mentioned here, are missionary agencies for the propagation of Protestantism. In most of the schools of the higher grade an industrial education is given. In some of them, as in Hampton, the industrial element predominates. Not more than five per cent. of those attending the colleges and universities are getting a higher education. They rarely go farther than the ordinary English branches. Of the six hundred students in Atlanta University last year only twenty were pursuing the higher and fifty-one the preparatory course.

But why relate what non-Catholics have been doing in the cause of Negro education? Because we think their efforts worthy of imitation. Would to God that we had displayed the like zeal! that our rich Catholics had poured out their wealth on this holy cause! We might, then, be counting our colored Catholics by millions instead of by thousands. *This great field has been, and is to day, as open to us as to the Protestants.* We are as welcome as they. We have only to open schools anywhere in the South and they will be filled at once by children, thirsting for knowledge. The colored people, as experience has shown, are partial to Catholic schools, especially when conducted by Sisters. They make no objection to the children learning the Catechism. In due time many, if not most, of the children may be received into the church. This is about the only way to secure satisfactory and permanent results. It is the method generally followed by our missionaries in heathen countries. They rely chiefly on the school for the propagation of the faith. The children are taken in at a tender age, fed, clothed and reared up in the faith. The process is slow, but sure. In no country, pagan or Christian, is the prospect of gaining souls to the faith by this method more promising than here in the South. We have come to this conviction after much reading and close investigation. The great need of our day, after that of missionaries, is of schools and teachers, especially religious teachers. As the supply of religious is very limited, the missionary will have to depend largely on secular teachers. These latter cannot be had in sufficient numbers without a normal school. Hence the sore need of such an institution. It should be in Maryland or Louisiana, where the colored Catholics are numerous, because they would furnish the best material for teachers. Let us pray that God may inspire some wealthy Catholic to give us the normal training school.

St. Joseph's Seminary.

Our heartiest thanks are due to Almighty God for the manifold blessings which, through St. Joseph's intercession, have showered down upon our work during the past year. Our first colored priest received the sacred unction, at the hands of Cardinal Gibbons, on the Ember Saturday before Christmas, 1891. In June, 1892, a seminarian received the sub-diaconate, thus irrevocably binding himself to the service of the altar, and shortly afterward he received the diaconate.

We append the list of the seminarians:

| | | |
|--------------------------|--------------------------|---------|
| Rev. J. St. Laurent..... | Deacon..... | Canada |
| Rev. T. B. Donovan..... | Minor Orders..... | Ky. |
| Mr. J. O'Neill..... | Tonsured..... | Ireland |
| Mr. O. Lebeau..... | "..... | La. |
| Mr. P. Lebeau..... | "..... | La. |
| Mr. C. E. Reilly..... | 1st year Theology..... | N. Y. |
| Mr. R. Carey..... | 2d year Philosophy..... | Canada |
| Mr. A. Schmeez..... | "..... | Ohio. |
| Mr. P. Murphy..... | "..... | Canada |
| Mr. Quade..... | "..... | Ohio. |
| Mr. P. Duffy..... | "..... | R. I. |
| Mr. E. Birch..... | 1st year Philosophy..... | Va. |
| Mr. I. Butsch..... | "..... | Oregon |
| Mr. M. Burke..... | "..... | N. Y. |
| Mr. F. Harvey..... | "..... | Mass. |
| Mr. M. Sice..... | "..... | Md. |

THE PRESENT SEMINARY TOO SMALL.

Our numbers are now too large for the little seminary and we are using one of the houses which we bought in 1891. Although unable to start the new seminary, our grounds were increased by the generosity of some friends. The property of St. Joseph's Seminary is now 220 feet by 104 feet, next adjoining St. Mary's Seminary, where our students attend classes, the kind Sulpitian Fathers asking no recompense for their charity.

It will be impossible to put off any longer the erection of a new seminary. Already plans are drawn for a building which will accommodate sixty theologians and philosophers. Its cost will be the enormous sum of fifty thousand dollars. In St. Joseph's name and in behalf of those millions of Negroes who are in our land, alien from Holy Church, do we turn to the generous Catholics of our land, whose support has never yet failed us. Our zelators will redouble their efforts this year; if unable to make a second return, they will not fail to secure another zelator. Truly should they all feel encouraged at the response made of their efforts, and we earnestly pray God to reward them and our subscribers for their charity towards these mustard seeds.

In a separate article we give an account of the proposed seminary, and some idea of how far various sums will go to its building or furnishing.

THE EPIPHANY APOSTOLIC COLLEGE.

Turning now to the Epiphany Apostolic College, we secure this year from it its largest graduating class—six in number. There are over sixty now in it, of whom fifteen have come this September. Last year we were able to have a full staff of professors, whose labors have tended to plant deep the seeds of knowledge in the young students, who, with God's blessing, are making satisfactory progress in those studies which are indispensable for the priesthood. The expenses of St. Joseph's Seminary and the Epiphany Apostolic College are very heavy, aggregating in 1891 over thirty thousand dollars, including eight thousand dollars spent in buying property adjoining St. Joseph's. Of this vast sum we received five thousand dollars from the Negro and Indian Commission and depended for the rest on charity, principally on THE COLORED HARVEST.

All packages of the COLORED HARVEST sent by express are prepaid in Baltimore and, hence, should be delivered free of charge to ZELATORS.

The Colored Harvest in German and French.

The German and French editions of THE COLORED HARVEST are now ready. Zelators will bear this in mind.

Become a ZELATOR and get 20 Subscribers.

The Negro of To-Day.

BY D. M.

To speak intelligently on the Negro problem, one has to go South and see for himself. Since my first visit to those regions, five years ago, considerable progress has been made in various ways. For the sake of order, I will speak of this progress under three heads, namely, *Religious, Industrial and Social.*

RELIGIOUS.

The impression prevails generally throughout the North that the Negroes are Christians of some sort—Methodists, Baptists, or the like. Whereas the truth is, that the vast majority of them are not Christians at all. What are the figures? The last census gives the total Negro population of the United States about 8,000,000. At most, 200,000 are Catholics. The different Protestant denominations claim to have an aggregate membership of less than 2,000,000. This leaves fully two-thirds who are not reckoned as Christians of any sect. They are simply heathens. We need not seek far for the reason of this. Before the late war the Christian training of the slaves depended largely, if not entirely, on the zeal of their masters. God-fearing masters looked to the religious instruction of their slaves, but unfortunately most of them took no pains to have them instructed. So they retained their pagan superstitions, mixed up with what shreds and scraps of Christianity they gathered from their surroundings. Domestic slaves acquired considerable information in this way, but the greater number, living in their own quarters on the plantations, with no contact with the whites, continued to live on in utter heathenism. Fresh importations of slaves continued to be received up to 1862, when the last shipload was landed at Selma, Ala. After the war the sects at the North displayed truly commendable zeal for the evangelization of the freedmen. They spent millions of dollars in providing them with churches and schools. The most active were the Methodists and Baptists; hence, three-fourths of the Christian Negroes belong to those denominations. Their religion is of the emotional kind, consisting of loud singing and preaching. Morality is practically divorced from religion. A man may stand well in the church, notwithstanding his flagrant violations of the moral code, excepting drink. A drunkard is hardly tolerated. The young are not taught even the most essential doctrines of Christianity. Few, indeed, there are, young or old, who can tell who Christ really is. The preachers are not much in advance of their people. Many of them cannot read the Gospel they pretend to expound. Indeed, some among them claim to be all the better on that account, because they get their inspiration directly from above and not second-hand from a book.

But they are the great leaders of their people, their influence extending even to the regulation of their daily lives. The only religious training the people get is through them. *Blind leaders of the blind*, what wonder that *both should fall into the ditch*. A leading paper of the colored Baptists of Alabama says of these preachers: "The great object of two-thirds of them is to collect their salary. They care nothing for the true welfare of the people. Neither have they any business standing in the communities where they live."

But the people are beginning to demand something better. The old-time preachers are passing away, and their places are being filled by young men coming from the colleges, who seem to give better promise.

Such, in brief, is the condition of the millions of souls who belong to the different Protestant sects. As for the rest, their spiritual desolation is far more deplorable. Living on the plantations, far from the railroads and cities, these teeming millions have been waiting in vain for missionaries to bring them the Gospel of Christ and the means of salvation. They are still waiting, still appealing to our charity for aid in their spiritual misery.

How long, O Lord, how long! What has the church done to convert the negroes? If we take

the present number of her colored children as an index of what she has done for the race, we are likely to reach false conclusions. In truth, she did what she could, especially in slavery times. It is well known that in Louisiana and Maryland the slaves were treated with greater humanity than elsewhere, and that their religious instruction was carefully attended to. Blacks and whites knelt before the same altar, and received the same sacraments.

The war brought great changes. Multitudes of Catholic Negroes, left to shift for themselves, drifted away from the plantations to the large cities, and thus fell away from the church. Our loss in this way has been enormous. It is estimated that 65,000 lost the faith in New Orleans alone, to say nothing of Baltimore and other places.

The church in the Black Belt of the South has never been strong enough to do much for the Negroes. There are more Catholics in a single parish in New York city than in several Southern dioceses put together. The Catholics are few and scattered, and the priests have all they can do to keep the faith alive among them. With all the good-will in the world it would be impossible for them to do much for the conversion of the Negroes. On the other hand, the church in the North had men and means to devote to this great work, but owing to the press of work at home it was overlooked for the time being. Charity begins at home. Churches, schools, etc., had to be provided immediately to meet the rapid increase of the faithful.

This oversight is quite natural, but it is nevertheless deplorable. True, something was done here and there by individual priests and by the few Josephites brought over from England by Archbishop Spalding, but there was no concentrated movement by the church at large, such as the nature of the work demanded.

The Third Plenary Council opened up a new chapter in the history of the church's work for the Negro. The whole American church was made to assume the responsibility of evangelizing the Negro and Indian. To furnish the men a seminary must be started. Accordingly, St. Joseph's Seminary was duly established, under the auspices of Cardinal Gibbons and with the blessing of the Southern bishops. This was beginning at the right end of the line, where our Lord Himself began, with the training of the apostles. Apostolic men must be had for a work so essentially apostolic as the conversion of a race. The words of encouragement addressed to the founder of the seminary by a Southern bishop have since proved prophetic: "The Master of the Vineyard who knows the need must surely provide the laborers. Among the myriads of American youth there must be chosen souls whom God has destined for so noble and meritorious an apostolate. Your appeal will be the voice that will tell them of their vocation; your mission college will be the magnet that will draw them to their providential destiny." So it has turned out. Only four years have elapsed since St. Joseph's Seminary was started and three since the founding of the Epiphany Apostolic College, and already both institutions number over seventy students. This is a good start and augurs well for the future. The missionaries of St. Joseph's Society, however numerous they may be, cannot do the whole work. Their example will serve as a stimulus to priests of other societies and to the secular clergy, to devote their lives to the same holy cause.

One sometimes hears the assertion that the Negroes do not like the Catholic Church; that it is therefore useless to try to convert them. Some say this because they are ignorant of the real state of the case; others, as an excuse for their lack of zeal. The truth is, that the Negro has no grudge against the church, and if some seem to have no particular love for her, it is because they know nothing about her. It is our place to enlighten them.

The church has been so constituted by Christ as to meet the special needs of every race. For, while she has the same creed and moral code for all, she accommodates her discipline and liturgy to

the requirements of each. If the Negro needs congregational singing and a popular service, he may have them to his heart's content. A Southern gentleman of high standing, and formerly a slave-owner, assured the writer that he was firmly convinced that the Catholic Church was the only church that could save the freedman. She alone could elevate him by her high standard of morals, and at the same time restrain him by means of the confessional. This conviction is shared by the leading men of the South.

Whatever else may be said of the Negro, it must be admitted that he possesses a great deal of natural religion and piety. He also proves his devotion to the form of religion which he professes by supporting it. No other class gives more according to their means to the support of religion than the Negroes. The African Methodists number only 500,000, and yet they contributed last year to church purposes \$2,000,000. Colored Catholics are equally generous. A priest who labors exclusively for them is always sure of a decent support.

INDUSTRIAL.

Has the industrial condition of the Negroes improved since emancipation? In answer, we may say that it would be dangerous to make sweeping assertions. The truth is, that whilst they have made some progress in places where the conditions have been favorable, the great mass are where the war left them. Ninety per cent. still live on the plantations, and their condition, industrially and otherwise, has not materially changed in the last twenty-five years. They are at their best on the plantations. In the cultivation of cotton, corn, etc., they cannot be excelled. The plantation hands, as a general rule, are contented and happy, though ill-paid for the work they do. They get their share of the crops at the end of the season, but it is already pledged to the storekeeper for a year's supplies already received. The storekeeper, often the planter himself or a Jew, so manages the accounts that his customer and himself come out even at the time of settlement.

Even when the Negro has a balance in cash to his credit it is soon gone, for, because of the evil effects of slavery he is a spendthrift, with no care for the morrow.

One sees at the South what he fails to see anywhere in the North—Negro mechanics—carpenters, blacksmiths, bricklayers, etc. In New York or Boston a colored man may get to be a hod-carrier, but the trades unions draw the line there. He may hardly be a bricklayer, or indeed a mechanic of any kind. All through the South the Negroes are fairly represented in every department of skilled labor. They are employed in the foundries and factories, as well as in the various trades. And everywhere they give satisfaction to their employers.

SOCIAL

The social condition of the colored race has advanced considerably with the progress of education, though there is yet great room for improvement.

As a general rule, the whites and Negroes get on well together. There may be no social intercourse between the races, but there is a mutual dependence and a mutual forbearance which are sure to preserve peace and harmony. The reports of outrages on the Negroes, or vice versa, at times, are exaggerated, or perhaps gotten up for party purposes. A little skirmish takes place between a few drunken ruffians, and it is heralded abroad as a race war.

If Southerners do not admit the colored people to social equality, it is because they recognize no such thing among themselves. Social lines and social circles are formed by arbitrary whims among all races. It is so among the Negroes themselves. There is a vast difference between the social standing of a colored lawyer or doctor and the hod-carrier or plantation hand. They draw the lines as sharply as the whites do.

Whilst the missionary is interested in all that concerns the industrial and social advancement of the race his chief business is to save their souls—to establish the Kingdom of Christ among them.

MOBILE, ALA.

St. Joseph's Seminary.

St. Joseph's Seminary is the mother-house of St. Joseph's Society for the Negro missions. Its students are at once aspirants for St. Joseph's Society as also for the apostolate among the blacks. They follow the course of studies at St. Mary's Seminary, where they have the same professors and same classes, as the young men who are studying for many dioceses of the country. Thus they enjoy exceptional advantages in the way of knowledge, while so placed as to be able to form friendship with the future priests of much of our land. While the lectures are in St. Mary's Seminary, St. Joseph's for the rest has its own training, rule and life, by which the aspirants for the Negro mission are prepared for their labors.

HE WASN'T IN IT.

They built a fine church at his very door—
He wasn't in it;
They brought him a scheme for relieving the poor—
He wasn't in it;
Let them work for themselves as he had done;
They wouldn't ask help of any one
If they hadn't wasted each golden minute—
He wasn't in it.
So he passed the poor with a haughty tread—
He wasn't in it;
And he scorned the good with averted head—
He wasn't in it.
When men in the halls of virtue met,
He saw their goodness without regret;
Too high the mark for him to win it—
He wasn't in it.

creased, year by year. While we, too, have added to our members, both at St. Joseph's Seminary and the Epiphany Apostolic College, accordingly as your returns have encouraged us. Hence your work is truly apostolic. Let me recall to your attention some points:

1.—Every subscriber is entitled to THE COLORED HARVEST, certificate of membership in St. Joseph's Society, and a *blessed* medal of the Holy Face and St. Joseph.

2.—Call, please, subscribers attention to the increase of spiritual benefits, as announced in THE COLORED HARVEST (page 16) and on the certificate of membership.

3.—The time of enjoying the spiritual benefits begins on payment of annual dues (25 cents) and continues a full year.



THE NEW SEMINARY FOR THE COLORED MISSIONS.

CONDITIONS OF ADMISSION.

- 1.—A sincere desire to enter St. Joseph's Society and to labor among the Negroes for his personal holiness and the salvation of that unfortunate race.
- 2.—The applicant must have finished Rhetoric and be able to enter on the course of Philosophy at least.
- 3.—Profession perpetual or partial in any religious community, or dismissal from any community, seminary or college, is a bar to admission.
- 4.—Good health and sound constitution, as also an agreeable disposition are indispensable qualifications.
- 5.—The usual testimonials are requisite.
- 6.—Seminarians are expected to furnish themselves with books and clothing till they become full members, thereafter the society will provide for them.
- 7.—They are allowed, with the rector's consent, to go home during mid-summer vacation.
- 8.—Applications should be made to

REV. J. R. SLATTERY,

St. Joseph's Seminary,

Baltimore, Md.

A carriage crept down the street one day—

He was in it.

The funeral trappings made a display—

He was in it.

St. Peter received him with book and bell;

"My friend you have purchased a ticket to—well,
Your elevator goes down in a minute."

He was in it.

—Exchange.

A Word to the Zelators.

"Arise, take the Child and His mother, and fly into Egypt," was the command given to St. Joseph. You are not asked, dear zelators, to assume such a responsibility. To bring Jesus and Mary to our American-Egypt—the eight million Negroes—is the work of the fathers of St. Joseph's Society. Yours it is to help to prepare them for their glorious apostolate. You furnish the sinews of war and strengthen them for this happy message. How noble, then, your labors become, when its object is to fit men for the divinest of divine work—the salvation of souls.

During the past years your zeal has been very much blessed; your members have steadily in-

- 4.—The dead may be enrolled by their friends.
- 5.—In making your returns always send the list of the subscribers.

6.—*Be careful to send always your own full name and address on every letter.*

7.—As a grateful souvenir of your kind efforts you will receive a beautiful picture—a real work of art.

8.—Besides enjoying the spiritual benefits of subscribers, a special Mass will be said for you on the first Friday of the month.

In conclusion, let us express the hope that you will strive to get more zelators. Of course, we can hardly expect this in small places, but in our large cities, with their teeming Catholic populations, we earnestly ask every zelator to try and find another.

KEEP THE BALL A-ROLLING.

May St. Joseph ever watch over you and your every interest both of soul and body.

Very gratefully yours in the Sacred Heart,

J. R. SLATTERY,

St. Joseph's Seminary,

Baltimore, Md.

Feast of Our Mother of Sorrows, 1892.

ST. JOSEPH'S SEMINARY.

Thanks be to God! let us say a thousand times, for all His blessings. The indisputable proof of the needfulness of St. Joseph's Seminary to the Negro missions is seen not alone in the bald fact that there are *eight millions of blacks* in our land, of whom the vast majority have no religion, while of those who profess any only one in fifty is a Catholic. But this need is evidenced by the number of generous souls whom the Holy Ghost leads to enter upon this apostolic career. It must encourage every subscriber of THE COLORED HARVEST to see how the mustard seed has grown. The present seminary is already too small and some of our seminarians actually occupy an adjoining house. In consequence, plans are drawn for a large building, one hundred and sixty feet long by forty-five feet in width, with a front bay in addition for chapel and classes and lectures, forty feet by forty feet. It will accommodate sixty seminarians, and its cost will exceed fifty thousand dollars. Now this is a frightful sum, if regarded as a lump. But divided up, it will become easier to gather. Let us show how. If the present issue of THE COLORED HARVEST would reach four hundred thousand subscribers the new seminary might be erected without debt, while our institutions would be supported. Or if every parish in the land would send us ten dollars on an average, and supposing eight thousand parishes, then we should have abundant means to cover the cost and furnish support. If, moreover, to make another suggestion, every one of the half million children in our Catholic schools would forward a dime, St. Joseph's Seminary would soon be built. Unhappily, we cannot count upon such co-operation. But, for the enlightenment and pleasure of our subscribers, we draft some tables of how we may be helped.

A Litany in Addition and Multiplication.

| | | |
|--|--|---|
| 1 cent will drive home every nail that shows its head. | 50 cents will furnish a foot of heating apparatus. | \$25 will make and set up every window out-right. |
| 2 cents will pay for a brick laid in the wall. | \$1 on the average will provide every running foot of stone. | \$50 will furnish a room with every requisite complete. |
| 3 cents will paint a square foot of woodwork. | \$2 will secure ventilation by a transom over every door. | \$100 will provide a class-room with its details. |
| 5 cents will trowel every square foot of plaster. | \$3 will enable a joist to stand upright in its place. | \$200 will suffice for the gymnasium's outfit. |
| 10 cents will cover the cost of every square foot of metal work. | \$5 will put up the shutters to screen a seminar-ian from outsiders. | \$300 will be needed for the public lecture-room. |
| 20 cents will furnish every pane of glass. | \$10 will provide the door to protect him on the inside. | \$500 will be requisite for the boiler of the heat-ing apparatus. |
| 25 cents will put down a nice board of the floor-ing. | | |

In this litany no mention is made of the requisites for the chapel and sacristy, such as altar, stations, settees, kneelers, vestment cases, vestments, copes, etc. And not to fatigue our readers, we may add simply that the library will have rather bare shelves.

A Litany in Subtraction and Division.

The census of 1890 gives the Catholics of our land in round numbers at 8,000,000. Setting aside one-half of these as too young or too old to appreciate the subjoined tables or to meet their suggestions, there are left 4,000,000 to whom this Litany will prove interesting. It is called subtraction and division, not, indeed, in an arithmetical sense, but in a charitable. The subtraction will be their own, and, with God's blessing, the division may be for St. Joseph's Seminary:

| | | |
|---|--|--|
| One cent a day from these 4,000,000 would be, daily..... \$40,000 | If, in addition to the weekly cigar, they would forego a weekly drink, there would be saved every week..... 20,000 | Again, of our 8,000,000 let us put down 500,000 as accustomed to use the horse-cars: |
| Continue it for a month and it would be. 1,200,000 | And in a year the great sum..... 1,040,000 | A car fare saved every week would foot up \$25,000 |
| And in a year it would reach the sum of. 14,600,000 | Again, changing our tune, let us put our novel-readers at 300,000 men and women, boys and girls: | And one year's persistence in the little denial would realize..... 1,300,000 |
| Changing the list, let us put the smokers and moderate drinkers among us at 200,000—not too high a figure: | One novel a year, selling for a quarter, there would be forthcoming for the new Seminary..... \$75,0000 | Say there are 1,000,000 Catholics who read the newspapers: |
| If every smoker would drop a cigar a week, the amount saved would be.... \$10,000 | Let them save the price (three cents) of a paper every week. Behold..... \$30,000 | And at the year's end the amount would reach..... 1,560,000 |
| Let them continue for a year, the result would be..... 520,000 | And so we might run on. Such tables prove how very easily the new seminary might be built. | A long pull, a steady pull, and a pull all together. |
| We count, however, on THE COLORED HARVEST, and pray our subscribers and good zelators to do their utmost. <i>Keep the ball a-rolling.</i> | | |

The zeal of God's house must be the guide for those who are anxious to adorn our chapel, while the taste for books will regulate the scale of prices for those interested in our library.

In thus spinning out the many items of expenditure which the new building will entail we show in how many ways the good work may be helped on. Our dependence, we repeat, under God and St. Joseph, is THE COLORED HARVEST. With the divine blessing we shall risk a large edition this year in the hopes that the returns may encourage us to make the indispensable start. This we should like to do during March, St. Joseph's month, 1893. This issue of THE COLORED HARVEST goes forth under the shelter of the Holy Face, and we trust all devout clients of the Adorable Face will do their utmost to second our efforts. And may St. Joseph, our Blessed Patron and Father, stir up all his lovers to co-operate, thus enabling us to erect this seminary under his patronage for the evangelization of a people whose ancestral land shielded Himself and MARY and JESUS during the FLIGHT. Remember the first missionary journey under the New Law was undertaken by JESUS, MARY and JOSEPH. And their journey was to Africa. It was among the colored people that Our Lord found safety while His life was sought elsewhere.

But what do we specially learn from those Three? They give us a picture of how we stand to-day. They were the Church. JESUS was the Priest; MARY the Mother and Sister to all; JOSEPH, neither priest nor preacher, was the perfect layman. By his labor and sweat he provided all things needful for the Priest and the Sister. Here, then, is the Model and Patron for us! While JOSEPH lived Our Lord worked no miracle over loaves and fishes. It was JOSEPH's privilege to provide all. Happy those who provide for JESUS and MARY. This will be done in the erection of St. Joseph's Seminary. God has ordained that the propagation of the faith should not depend upon priests simply. He calls laymen and women to take a part. It is thus that by the sacrifices and love of all, all may gather up the sheaves and all may enter into the joy of the Lord of the Harvest.

ST. JOSEPH'S OBEDIENCE.

The absence in the case of Joseph upon every occasion, of all reply or even request for explanation, is full of significance, a significance which we are bound to notice, because it is meant that we should do so. Joseph always believed without hesitation; and this, not because what was proposed to his belief was easy, or that this great saint did not possess a mind capable of perceiving the profundity and the difficulties of the mysteries declared to him; far from it. Joseph was gifted with a mind of large capacities, which he had cultivated and fortified during his whole life by meditation on heavenly things. He also obeyed without remonstrance or delay; and this, not because the commands laid upon him involved nothing arduous in their execution—witness his rising in the middle of the night to flee into Egypt, and asking none of those questions which human prudence would have suggested before encountering the many privations, sufferings and dangers of such a journey, not for himself alone, but for the two persons whom he loved incomparably more than he loved himself. And how are we to account for all this? How is it that on the angel proposing to him things so hard to believe and difficult to execute, and Joseph being fully competent to perceive all that was apparently incredible in the promises of Heaven, and startling in the promises conveyed to him; nevertheless, he behaved as if the fullest demonstration had convinced his understanding, and the most complete experience or acquired knowledge had smoothed all the seeming obstacles which stood in the way of obedience?

THE PERFECT GIFT OF GOD.—It is because this admirable saint had received from God the most excellent gift of faith, and because his mind was penetrated with the rays of that supernatural light which causes us to adhere to all that God has revealed to us. It was because he lived a life of light on earth, so that in him faith, in itself obscure, was associated with an illumination so brilliant that it resembled that light of glory which fills the understanding of the blessed in Heaven. The Fathers of the Church are frequent in their admiration of Joseph's undoubting faith. St. Irenæus, St. John Chrysostom, St. Jerome and St. Augustine, as well as others, might all be quoted to this effect. St. Anselm (or the author who goes by his name) has a pleasing and ingenious remark as to why, when the angel bade Joseph return into the land of Israel, he did not give him fuller directions. It was, he says, because he desired to have to return to speak to him again. It was a pleasure to this exalted spirit to witness the greatness of Joseph's faith and the submission of his spirit to all the revelations of Heaven. St. Augustine, perhaps above all, gives the highest commendation to the faith of Joseph when he compares it to that of our Lady herself, whom her cousin, St. Elizabeth, filled with the Holy Ghost, addressed as "blessed art thou who hast believed."

Letters from a Southerner to a Southerner.

BY O. O'B. STRAYER.

MY DEAR HARRY: Bear with me, old friend, while I tell you why I don't like your recent speech. I know you well. Why shouldn't I? Didn't we "bring each other up?"

I don't like it, in the first place, because you seem to address yourself so exclusively to "Southerners," "Southerners" and "Sons of the South," and so forth. Why, away back twenty-five years ago, I remember "that the world to me a kingdom is," and "no pent-up Utica," were among your favorite phrases. You can't, you simply can't, have so retrograded as to want to plow as a man a smaller field than you did as a boy. It's not like you, and I won't believe it. I have heard a great many speeches made in the Northern States of the Union from Maine to Michigan, and so forth. On the contrary, I have been accustomed to hear them say: "Fellow-citizens," "Americans," "Fellow-patriots," "Fellow-countrymen," and so forth. Don't talk that way any more, Harry. It isn't your size—it isn't big enough for you.

If there is one thing that offends a Southern politician more than another, it is to be charged with sectionalism; and yet your speech, in common with most that proceeds from our Southern orators, is open to this charge. It contains the very germ of it. It is sectional in that it uses sectional terms. This is a grievous fault. It is a fault that I find not with your speech only, but with most of the speeches, editorials and pamphlets which emanate from the South. They are not addressed to the nation, but to the South. Your leaders of public opinion down there seem to forget that there is a nation, and remember only that there is a Virginia, a Georgia, a South Carolina, or at most a "South." You do not appeal to the patriotism of your hearers and readers, but to their Southernism. You do not even appeal to the whole South, but only to the Anglo-Saxon part of it, completely ignoring some six millions of freemen, or about one-third of your entire population.

This is not only radically wrong, it is impolitic, foolish, suicidal; it is "worse than a sin, it is a blunder."

Sectionalism is, I need not tell you, the bane of our national existence. To obliterate it should be the ambition of every patriotic citizen. We can never hope to realize the fulness of our greatness as a nation until we entirely outgrow it, and learn to regard ourselves, not as Northerners or Southerners, Easterners or Westerners, but as Americans.

Yes, Harry, I am "just as true a Southerner" as you are; but above that, before that and behind that, I am, first, last and always, a true American. So are you. And because you are, I want you to break yourself of the bad habit you have acquired of addressing your "Fellow-Southerners," and hereafter address your "Fellow-countrymen."

IS THIS A WHITE MAN'S COUNTRY?

MY DEAR HARRY: I am glad, tho' not at all surprised, that you took my letter so good-naturedly. I expected nothing less or other.

Yet you say—and here I am surprised—that you fail to see why I object to your addressing only the Anglo-Saxon part of your audience. "You didn't suppose," you go on to say, "that I was talking to Negroes, did you? Understand that this, or at least the Southern part of it, is a white man's country, and we intend to keep it so. Our duty is first, last and always to ignore the Negroes."

Right here I am forced to take issue with you. You say that this is a white man's country. I want to know why. Why is it a white man's country any more than it is a Jew's country, or a German's or an Irishman's?

No, it is not a white man's country, nor yet an Anglo-Saxon's. It is God's country and that of His people. It is His world's City of Refuge, to which men of all colors, races and conditions flee, and in which they find a shelter and a home.

Nor does the Southern part of it differ one whit in this respect from the Northern, Eastern or Western part of it. It, too, is a part of the great republic, not simply a sister republic united by railroad iron and commercial reciprocity. The constitution and laws which apply to Massachusetts and Minnesota apply with equal force to South Carolina and Mississippi. The Federal government is not a fiction, nor is it a thing of shreds and patches which inverts an arm here and a foot there, but is inadequate to the nakedness of the whole body politic. Hence, I must think that you spoke unadvisedly when you said that "this, or at least the Southern part of it, is a white man's country, and we intend to keep it so." Surely, you do not mean by this that you intend to ignore national principles, nullify national legislation or resist national authority?

But apart from all this, can the South, as the South, afford to ignore between one-third and one-half of her population?

Here, I say, are these eight and a-half millions of quiet, industrious citizens. If this is only a white man's country, what are you going to do with them? You can't exterminate them, because they are not of the exterminable kind. It is not "Lo, the poor Indian," that you are dealing with now, but a brawny, fat, laughing fellow, who will let you exterminate him all day and then look up in your face and grin as he ejaculates: "What's yo' doin' of, boss? Can't yo' leabe dis chile alone while he take his nap?" The Southern Negro is in one respect a good deal like a Georgia hog. They say that the Georgia hog will allow the rattlesnake to bite him as long as it wants to, and at last kill the snake. Why? He turns and takes its venom in the fat. The Southern Negro is a fat fellow, and a fat fellow is so hard to kill, especially when there are eight and a-half million of him.

You cannot deport him, for the reason that the South cannot do without him. You might as well cut off a man's hands and feet and expect him to earn a living as take the Negro from the South and expect the South to survive.

White man's country, indeed, Harry! What nonsense. You know better.

THINGS THE SOUTH MUST DO.

MY DEAR HARRY: I love the land which gave me birth, and I appreciate the gravity of the condition which confronts it. It is because I love it that I would see it meet the Negro half way and justice all the way. I want to see it do four things.

First, I want to see it establish a better industrial system. The Negro cabin must go; so must the ration system. Domestic economy should be taught in the schools and by means of public lectures. Labor organization should be encouraged rather than discouraged. Savings banks should be established, and small farms with neat cottage improvements sold on long and easy payments. The native Southerner of standing and influence who shall take this matter resolutely and conscientiously in hand will do more for his country than all the brilliant orators and professional politicians put together.

Second, I want to see the South protect and maintain the civil and legal rights of the black man equally with those of the white. One of the stigmas resting upon the South to-day is that it has "a long rope and a short shrift" for the Negro and "a long trial and a short term" for the white man. If a Negro is charged with a crime, let him have the same legal trial, the same benefit of a doubt, the same exhaustive use of all the law resources, the same justice, and, finally, the same mercy that is meted out to a white man. In politics give him a fair registration, a fair vote, a fair count and a fair representation.

Third, educate, even to the length of giving them lawyers and physicians of their own. The theory that the only good Negro is an ignorant Negro is even more brutal and preposterous than the kindred theory that the only good Indian is a dead Indian.

Fourth, treat them respectfully. I use the word advisedly. As every one knows, and you will admit, the treatment the Negro now receives at the hands of the white man is arbitrary and capricious in the extreme. If the white man is in the humor he will treat the Negro with a degree of familiarity which no Northern man would think of indulging in towards a subordinate. If he is not in the humor he will treat him with a degree of harshness and contempt which no Northern employe would for one moment submit to.

Once more, I say, I want to see the South rise to her opportunity and take the initiative in doing what needs to be done for the Negro. If she does, she will not only save herself, but, I firmly believe, help to save the nation. —*New York Independent.*

IN one of the numerous, eloquent, and deeply interesting speeches which he made in Belgium, Stanley spoke of the "white" ivory trade, and exclaimed: "Remember, gentlemen, that each elephant tusk (that is, of those brought to the coast by the contraband dealers) is stained with the blood of the Negro, for it has been got at the price of the lives of five blacks." It was remarked at the time as a striking coincidence by some of the Catholic papers, that the very words were used over 300 years ago by St. Peter Claver, the apostle of the negroes. At a large meeting in Portugal one day, where the great ladies wore ornaments made of ivory, he said to them: "Remember, ladies, that your ornaments are stained with the blood of the poor blacks."

"A FRIEND asked me to become a subscriber for the COLORED HARVEST. I subscribed, and on reading the paper and learning what a good work was supported by the small sum of money, entitling the person to membership in the HARVEST and the great spiritual benefits offered, I resolved to become a zelator for the Mission under the protection of St. Joseph."

THE EPIPHANY APOSTOLIC COLLEGE.

The Classical and Preparatory Department of St. Joseph's Seminary for the Colored Missions.

Its purpose is implied in its name, for it is called *Epiphany* in order to commemorate the calling of the Gentiles to the Church, and *Apostolic* because it aims at developing the apostolic spirit in its students.

It receives only such youths as feel themselves called to be missionary priests of St. Joseph's Society, and who give the best evidence of a vocation.

The greatest care is bestowed upon their spiritual formation. The virtues so essential to apostolic men are constantly inculcated—*A tender love for souls*, so dear to the Sacred Heart of Jesus; *humility*, without which there is no solid virtue; *obedience*, modelled on that of Jesus Christ, *Who pleased not himself*; *detachment* from the things of the world—you are not of the world, for I have chosen you out of the world. There is no novitiate, in the ordinary sense of the term, but the spiritual training goes on, hand in hand, with the regular college studies. Thus the young men are made to advance like the Child Jesus, in grace and wisdom before God and men.

Applicants should have a sound constitution and a favorable personal appearance. They should, moreover, have a love for study and discipline, together with a good and truthful character and a docile and cheerful disposition. Fair talents, good sense and a strong tenacity of purpose are indispensable qualifications. No one who is not fairly well grounded in the rudiments of English, such as reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic and grammar, will be received as a student.

RELATIONS WITH THE FAMILY.

Students are at liberty to correspond with their parents and benefactors. They may also spend the summer vacations with them, provided they receive the rector's permission; but they may not go home at any other time without *very* serious cause, and then for as brief a period as possible.

APPLICATIONS FOR ADMISSION.

These should be made in writing. Every applicant is required to write a personal letter, expressing his desire to become a missionary for the colored race, giving the motives which prompted the desire and the time when he began to have it. He should promise that, if admitted, he will faithfully observe the rules of the college and qualify himself for his holy calling. He should also mention his age in his letter, as well as his confessor's approval. In addition to the above, a letter from the pastor or confessor of the applicant, testifying to his good moral conduct and fitness for the apostolic life, is always required.

EXPENSES OF EDUCATION.

Besides supplying their clothing and books, students will try to pay what they can towards the expenses of board and tuition. Their parents are encouraged to give as much as their means will permit. Their zeal and self-sacrifice in this particular will be very agreeable to God and meritorious for themselves.

We may here observe that the chief support of the college is THE COLORED HARVEST, published annually at 25 cents subscription. We think it only reasonable that students and their friends will strive to extend its circulation. A sample copy of THE COLORED HARVEST, to be had on application, will give all needed information about the spiritual benefits of subscribers. It also explains the way to become a zelator.

Applications may be addressed to

REV. D. MANLEY,
The Epiphany Apostolic College,
Highland Park,
Baltimore, Md.

"MAY God grant you many years to watch over your great labor of love in caring for the poor colored people. What a work of love for our dear Lord you have on hand. May our blessed Queen of May pray for you and your charge."

Natchez, Miss., and Its Colored Mission.

BY REV. I. N. PETERS.

Natchez, in size the second town of Mississippi, is beautifully and healthfully situated on a high bluff, which overlooks the winding "Father of Waters" for many a mile. Its population is about equally divided between the white and colored races, each numbering about 6,000. Perhaps in no place of the South are the relations between the races more cordial and harmonious, owing to the understanding entered into some years ago, and up to this time faithfully kept, whereby membership in the State Legislature, as also the county and city offices, are proportionately divided between the races.

At present the Catholic colored population amounts to only one hundred and fifty souls. Like everywhere else, some have remained faithful to the old mother church throughout all the vicissitudes of time and condition. For others, however, the dawn of liberty became, alas! the breaking of the sweet bonds which held them to mother church, exchanging her divine worship for the more excitable and more sociable services of the Methodist and Baptist meeting-houses so bountifully provided for them by Northern philanthropists of both these sects. The faithful ones among them found a dear and true friend in Father Grignon, Vicar-general of the revered and never-to-be-forgotten Bishop Elder, now Archbishop of Cincinnati. At the close of the civil war he gathered the children of colored parents in the basement of the Cathedral. He procured for them teachers, taught them the catechism, and finally, as early as 1868, established the Society of the Holy Family, a kind of benevolent society to help on the poor colored Catholics. While Bishop Janssens was in charge of the See of Natchez, the Third Plenary Council was held in Baltimore. In its chapters on the "Pastoral Care of the Negroes and Indians," it declares that it is certain from experience that the salvation and Christian education of the colored people cannot be successfully procured unless by missions, instructions and other religious exercises accommodated to their intelligence and character. Hence, the Plenary Council decided "that the bishops shall do all in their power to provide for them, wheresoever it can be done, separate churches, schools and asylums for their orphans and poor." In compliance with this decree of the august assembly, the zealous bishop looked about anxiously for an opportunity and the means to establish a separate colored congregation. His hope came very near being realized through the prospect of a royal donation from a wealthy friend of the colored people among our Northern brethren; but at the last hour disappointment came, and the removal of his lordship to the See of New Orleans put for a short while an end to the proposed good work. It was left to the present Bishop of Natchez to commence the execution of his predecessor's design. In the course of 1890, Bishop Heslin bought a lot in the suburbs of the city and built on it the modest but spacious school-house which our readers have before them, and on the last Sunday of September of the same year it was solemnly blessed by the Bishop amidst a large concourse of white and colored people for both church and school use. The first mass was offered therein on October 4, St. Francis' Day, the patron of the school. It soon became evident that the choice of a place so far from the centre of the town was hurtful to its twofold purpose of developing the school and of forming the colored people into a congregation. It was decided in consequence to look out for a more central site. Divine Providence, through the intercession of good St. Joseph, did not fail to come to our assistance. Quite unexpectedly, though for a good round sum, an excellent lot was purchased, and on the fifth of St. Joseph's month the transfer was duly made. As soon as the necessary funds are forthcoming a decent church will be built. Afterwards the school will also be removed to the new building. While one of the priests of the diocese volunteered to work exclusively for the colored people, the Sisters of St. Francis are in charge of the school. And then we shall follow the sweet command of the Lord in the Gospel: "Go out into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in, that My house may be filled."

May the readers of THE COLORED HARVEST pray for "the husbandman who waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth, patiently bearing till he receive the early and the latter rain."

Natchez, Miss.

ISAAC.

BY REV. FATHER B. TABB.

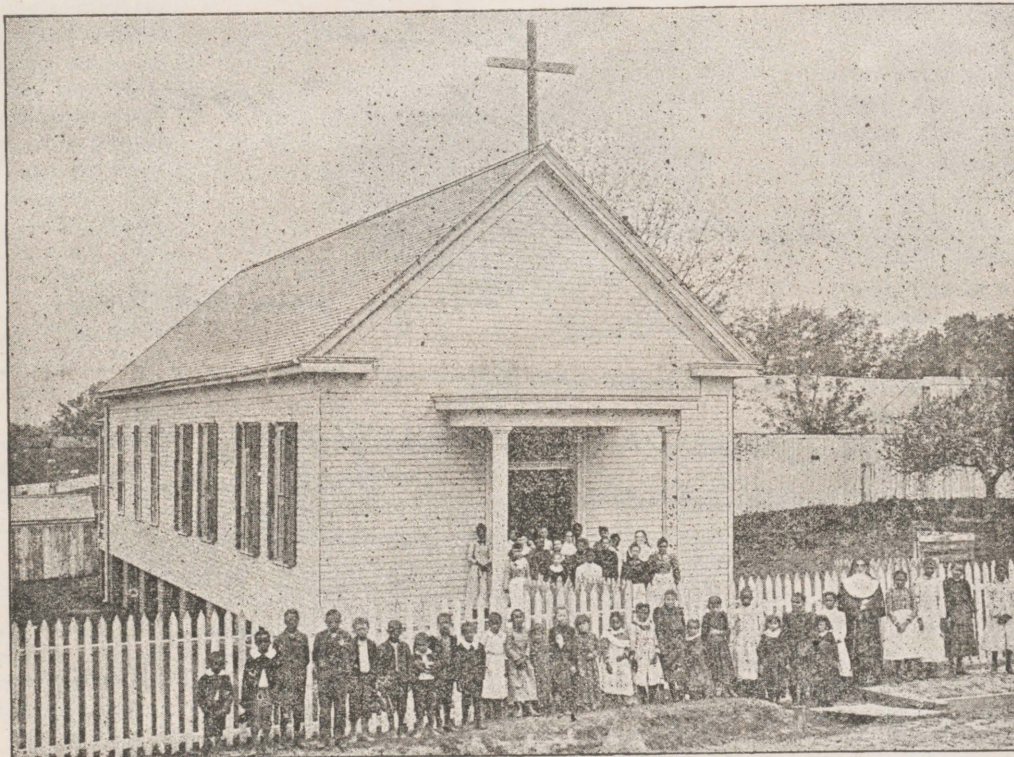
Isaac's mother was the nurse of my elder brother, between whom and Isaac, though by many years his junior, was a lifelong attachment.

My earliest recollections of the boy are connected with a game he called "Bull." This consisted of his rushing out, upon all fours, from under a large table, when we children—my younger brother and I—would seize his bushy hair till, after much pulling and tossing us about, he got himself freed. The game was invented by Isaac himself for our special amusement, and he seemed to enjoy it as heartily as we did.

It never occurred to me, till I was older, how tough he must have been where our heads are so tender. The hair, as I recollect, never came out, nor did he evince any symptom of pain while the sport was in progress.

Another very vivid impression remains of his dental experience:

"Chillun," one morning he said to us cheerfully, "you jes' ought to been at Br' Austin's las' night to seen him pull my teef. Didn't you hear me holler? I was settin' by de fire hol'in' my jaw, and Br' Austin was shoemickin'. I had been hidin' my swell face f'om him, when, all at once, my teef jump, and hu't me so bad I was bleedged to fetch a moan. Br' Austin hear me. 'Boy, wha' de matter wid you face?' he ax me. 'Tain' nothin,' I tole him. 'Fetch da' mouf here,' he say, 'and lemme look in it.' My Gord, I was skeered! 'Br' Austin,' I say, 'my



ST. FRANCIS SCHOOL-CHURCH, NATCHEZ, MISS.

teet was hurtin', but it done got easy. Please sir, doan' pull it."

"He tick me by de shoulder and set me on de stool. 'Dat jaw toof rotten, and got to come out,' he say. 'Open you mouf wide.'"

"'Br' Austin,' I baig him, 'please, sir, doan' pull it! It done stop achin'."

"'Open you mouf, I tell you!'"

"Den he tun right roun', tick up de nippers, catch hole my teef, and, standin' right over me, liff me up f'om de stool. Lord a-mussy on my soul! I holler, I kick!"

"'Heish you mouf, boy,' he say, and he slap me. Den he keep on shakin' and slappin' and shakin' twell I drap on de floor; and dyar he stan' laughin' wid de teef in he han', Gord knows he like t' a kill me.'"

When the War came my brother went off to the army, and Isaac, begging earnestly to accompany him to camp, was permitted to go.

Seeing how vague were his notions of war, my brother took pains, before granting his request, to explain to him the difficulties. Isaac apparently took it all in. "But, Mars Willie," he questioned by way of precaution, "sposen some o' dem Yankees was to miss and hit you, wha' would become o' me?" The idea of my brother's being deliberately shot at never entered his brain.

The first time he witnessed an actual engagement, poor Isaac, weeping bitterly, followed my brother as the line advanced, till at last, as the bullets began to come faster, he cried in despair:

"Mars Willie, don't you think I better git behind a tree?" "Yes," answered my brother, "dodge anywhere you can." "But," said Isaac, "which side o' de tree is behine?"

"We had a little scrummage," he wrote not long after to his brother at home, "and you will hearsay dat I tried to burrer in de groun': but don't you believe it. Me and Mars Willie, thank Gord, is all right."

After an action at Nottoway Bridge, where our forces were repulsed, it was found that Isaac, at considerable peril, had recrossed the bridge and returned to our lines. "I went back for Mars Willie things," he replied, when questioned about it. He ma, Miss Ma'y, done mick me promus to tick keer he clo's, and I went back to git 'em.' His own "clo'es," he patched and repatched so often that at last he bore on the seat of his breeches a permanent cushion—"a great conviniance when you has to set down on a stump or a rock."

My brother, in course of time, rose to be Colonel of the 59th Va. Regiment, of the Wise Brigade; and Isaac and the General—the "Shuppud," as Isaac called him—soon came to be friends.

In the summer of '64 my brother was wounded, and brought from the lines to a friend's house in Petersburg.

General Wise falling ill as my brother improved, Isaac, reluctantly went back to camp to look after the "Shuppud."

One morning the General, impatient for breakfast, which Isaac was cooking, stood storming and swearing to hurry up the meal. Isaac had nothing to say for a time; but at last, stopping short in his work, he expostulated: "Gen'el, you cussin' and swahrin' so I *kyann'* git you breakfus'. You confuse me to death! For Gord sake, go out and lemme do my cookin', and den I will call you." The "Shuppud," with a parting oath, left him alone; and in due time the breakfast was properly served.

Isaac, being one time at home on a furlough, my mother was questioning him about her two boys.

"Don't they find it hard, Isaac, to get enough to eat?"

"Yes 'em," he said, "tis a scaffie sometimes; but I tries ev'y now and den to git em a change—a puddin', or some sort o' sweet thing anurrer."

"A pudding?" said my mother; "and how do you cook it?"

"I biles it in a laig o' Mars Willie ole drawers," he explained, to her horror.

Peace came in '65, dissolving forever the legal bonds between master and slave. Isaac, as did many another, for a time refused to acknowledge it. "Whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge," was the cry of his heart, till at last my brother urged him, for their mutual good, to turn his steps elsewhere.

"I can no longer employ you," he explained. "We have each to begin his life over again, and must work where we can."

"I ain' gwine far," said the faithful soul; "an', Mars Willie, whenever you wants me agin, I comin' straight to you."

He went his way sorrowing. A few weeks later he had found a situation in the County of Powhatan, just adjoining our own, and was there till the news of a duel near Richmond made him hasten to the city. One of the unfor-

tunate men had been killed, and my brother, who had acted as second to the other, had, with the remainder of the party, been arrested and put into jail. And here it was, a few days after these events, that Isaac came to him.

"Lord, Mars Willie," he began, "I certainly was strested to hear you was in jail! How long de gwine keep you here?" Then seeing the wretched discomfort of the room, he could hardly continue, "Mars Willie, dis here ain' no fit place for a gent'man. Don't you need a better bade? Does de gie you 'nough to eat?" To which, and to a hundred other tender inquiries, my poor brother answered as best he could—that kind friends were daily supplying his wants, and that he had reasonable hope of obtaining a speedy release.

But the poor, faithful soul refused to be comforted.

"I has been livin' now more 'an three years wid Mr. Kennon, Mars Willie. He is a good gent'man and he pay me good wages; but I ain't got no use for much money up dyar, so I jes' le' him keep it. He got mos' two hundred dollars o'mine now—an', Mars Willie" (here his speech faltered a little)—"ont you, please sir, borry dis money f'om me? You ken pay me back when you git out o'dis place, and you fine it conviniant. I ain' in no hurry."

For a moment my brother could not utter a word. His eyes were by this time wetter than Isaac's, and his heart quite as full. From that day he felt that his noblest friend was his old mammy's son. They are both dead now; and their graves are not far from the old home place where they first saw the light.

The race-currents seem to be drifting apart. "The old order changeth, yielding place to new." Slavery, thank God, is a thing of the past; but out of that shadow that once lay upon the land come pictures too tender to live in the light of a fiercer day. Of such is this episode.

New York Inde.

To Our Catholic Brethren.

Among the *eight millions of blacks* who dwell in our land is a new and most extensive field for your charity. In recalling their religious status, which, unhappily, we are apt to overlook, we find that but a few millions of them are counted among the sects, chiefly the worst vagaries of the Methodist and Baptist denominations. Since, however, the last-named baptizes no children before the fourteenth year, or thereabouts, it follows that the far greater part of the American Negroes are unregenerated. Nor is there a ray of hope for them unless, born again of water and the Holy Spirit, they become brethren of Jesus Christ and children of the Catholic Church, which now numbers hardly two per cent. of our Negroes. Notwithstanding many bad traits, the offsprings of the ignorance, neglect and degradation, both intellectual and moral, which are the heirlooms of slavery, those benighted millions are well disposed towards the better gifts of faith. An experience of fourteen years of missionary work among the Negroes has convinced me that they are naturally fond of religion. Nor is this my view alone; it is the common conviction of all who know the blacks. In a letter expressing his approval of the establishment of St. Joseph's Seminary for the Colored Missions,

THE RT. REV. BISHOP CURTIS, OF WILMINGTON, WRITES:

"May the Lord then signally bless and prosper you in your undertaking, and enable you to furnish us with men who will give themselves to the work of rescuing a people deserving so much at our hands, and, moreover, more readily to be won, I am convinced, than others more cultured, if you please, but at the same time far from being so religiously disposed."

Yes, the Negroes like the prayers and ceremonies of Holy Church, are docile to the missionaries, mild in speech and unobtrusive in manner; in a word, offering in their natural traits a good foundation to grace which presupposes nature and perfects it. Our holy religion, which re-energized the tottering fabric of the Roman Empire and made of the wild, barbaric hordes the civilization of Europe, is well able to impart a healthy religious and moral status to the colored people. It was this conviction of the ennobling mission of Holy Church that our venerable bishops had before their minds in the Second and Third Plenary Councils of Baltimore, when they advocated so strenuously the conversion of the colored race. Thus the Third Plenary Council speaks of this work:

"Since the greatest part of the Negroes are as yet outside the fold of Christ, it is a matter of necessity to seek workmen inflamed with zeal for souls, who will be sent into this part of the Lord's harvest."

"Superiors of seminaries should regard it as a duty to foster vocations for the Negro missions in the souls of the aspirants for the sanctuary, frequently placing before them Christ's promise, which particularly holds in this apostolic field: 'There is no man who hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or children, or lands, for My sake and for the Gospel, who shall not receive an hundredfold as much now in this time, * * * and in the world to come life everlasting.'"—(St. Mark X). No. 239.

With that zeal for souls, which has ever characterized him, Cardinal Gibbons recognized the need of a seminary in which to train the young men, whose souls would be moved towards this work by the appeal of the bishops. In August, 1887, I was appointed to establish it. Since then, through God's blessing, St. Joseph's Seminary and the Epiphany Apostolic College have been opened. The first is for the ecclesiastical studies that lead up to the priesthood, while the latter educates the youthful aspirants in Latin and the studies that usually go along with it.

To crown all, twice has our Holy Father Leo XIII. vouchsafed to send his apostolic blessing to our benefactors.

The weighty burden rests upon us of supporting the seminarians of St. Joseph's and students in the Epiphany Apostolic College, young men from all parts of the Union, who, instead of remaining among their relatives and friends, volunteer to labor among a people differing from them in race, color and surroundings. The salaries of professors, the wages of servants and the hundred and odd expenses for heating, repairing, etc., that attend

large establishments, would appall us were we not confident that this work, blessed by our Lord's Vicar, and having a national character, because of the interest shown in it by our Venerable Hierarchy, will receive your generous aid.

It is well, however, to bring to your notice these institutions. Upon you rests the education of hundreds of missionaries; and consequently, through their efforts, the conversion and salvation of countless souls. Without means we cannot educate the missionaries; without missionaries the colored race cannot be converted. For "how shall they believe Him of Whom they have not heard?" and how shall they hear without a preacher, and how shall they (the missionaries) preach unless they be sent?

STRANGE DISPOSITION OF PROVIDENCE

to save men by means of men! Human means, human agencies, human hearts and hands are allied to God in His own peculiar work—saving souls. Thus the profound truth is often brought home to us in Sacred Scripture and the Fathers, in Theology and experience also, that the salvation of souls depends not only on the grace of God and the soul's co-operation thereto, but also on the hearty endeavors of the faithful. True, whosoever is lost will be through his own fault, for God wishes the salvation of all mankind; still special helps may be granted for salvation over and above the ordinary succors, to which alone some souls may not respond. Awful truth! "O the depth of the riches of the wisdom

the Epiphany Apostolic College. In the judgment of experienced priests there are many youths in our land who have all the aspirations and qualities needed for a holy missionary, not fearing even to face southwards and there labor for the teeming millions of blacks, alien to themselves in every respect; but they can never become priests because they have not the means.

To you whom God has blessed with earthly store He has also left the consoling duty of helping on such deserving aspirants to the priesthood. By your means you have, as it were, in your hands the power and goodness of God. While, however, it is true that you enjoy this participation by converting your abundance into bread, medicine, help for the poor, the sick and the afflicted, thus often making by your means a moral prop for vacillating virtue; still you show forth in a far higher way those divine attributes when you convert your means into priests, missionaries, and through them into Sacraments, Holy Mass, priestly labors; in a word, into all that goes toward the conversion and salvation of souls. In your hands rests the happiness of many a soul. And what a noble work! "Of all divine work," says St. Denis the Areopagite, "the most divine is to co-operate in the salvation of souls." While St. Gregory the Great assures us that nothing is more agreeable to God than a zeal for souls. No man's heart can belong to God if his interests are directed to aught outside of God. "Where your treasure is there will be your heart also." "And they, the prophet tells us, who instruct many to justice, shall shine as stars for all eternity."—Dan., xii, 10.

WHY DID CHRIST BECOME MAN,
SUFFER AND DIE?

Why the Church and her priesthood? Why the Holy Sacrifice and the Sacraments? Why do zealous missionaries go out from their fathers' houses to strange peoples? Why? To save souls. In this divine work you may bear a part; you may become a co-worker in the labors of the Son of Man, who left the ninety and nine in heaven to find the strayed sheep of humanity on earth. For this he assumed human nature, redeemed mankind and established His Church, in order through her to save poor human beings sinful and benighted. Now, it is as the forgotten of Christ that you should view the Negroes. What, then, should be your feelings towards them for whom our Lord became flesh and died? Remember that the action and influence of the Church on the Negroes will be through her missionaries. Thus, by helping to prepare priests for the apostolate you emulate the spirit of the apostles; you will also receive their rewards. What a dearth of charity will it be in you to neglect those unfortunate black millions, who perhaps more than any other race bear the impress of the wormwood and the gall, the poverty and rejection of the suffering Saviour, who was poor and in labors from His youth up, and who "became the rejected of men and the outcast of His people."—(Ps., 21.) Deep is your pain at seeing the wretchedness of some afflicted persons whom Providence throws in your way; but how much greater the misery of our Negro population, whose souls are in a far worse

state than is the hard lot of their bodies. At our very doors the Negroes well may be termed our Lazarus, destined to prove our blessing or our punishment according as we help or neglect them. Hundreds of these poor creatures die daily, and, alas, how unprepared to face the Judge!

But when we turn to the good that holy missionaries will accomplish, who, through your charity, will labor among them, how rejoiced you should be! If a cup of cold water will not go unrewarded, what recompense will not your merit who have provided the dispenser of heaven's mysteries? "Eye hath not seen nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of heaven to conceive it."

J. R. SLATTERY.

Feast of Mother of Sorrows, 1892.

SNOW BALLS.—We again beg our subscribers not to let the copy of THE COLORED HARVEST, which they receive, rest or be forgotten. No, keep it a rolling. Turn the paper over to others, asking them to subscribe. It may not be possible for all to become ZELATORS and secure twenty subscribers; but every one can start what we have named, a SNOW BALL. Keep the ball a rolling.

Baltimore

Jan. 6th 1892.

My Dear Father Slattery:

I am very glad that you

are making an attempt at placing on a solid financial basis St. Joseph's Seminary and the Epiphany Apostolic College. These institutions will I hope under God's Providence, become important factors for the conversion of the Negroes. The Negro race now numbers eight millions in the U. S. Many of whom have not yet received the Gospel. I feel sure, and I am imitating the generous spirit of American Catholics when I bid you have confidence in their eternal cooperation. May our heavenly Father bless your institutions and reward the benefactors.

J. Card. Gibbons.

and of the knowledge of God. How incomprehensible are His judgments, and how unsearchable His ways." Now these special graces upon which often turns the eternal welfare of souls, in their turn are won by the merits and good works of the other children of God by their zeal, prayers, good example, good works and various other ways. Of all these the most efficacious is the work of zealous priests, who are the dispensers of the mysteries of God. For you, therefore, the best means is to give to Holy Church these dispensers, who will face southwards in order to bring to the black millions beyond the Potomac and the Ohio the knowledge of God and of Him whom He sent—Jesus Christ. This is a critical time for the progress of the Negro work. It is a difficult uphill struggle. The Catholic Church must be the architect which will mould those black millions into the Christian household; and, while numberless youths are ready to give themselves in the life-long sacrifice of the missionary, you should share in their sacrifice.

WHAT A PRIVILEGE!

What a privilege to work with God Himself and His chosen priests; what a joy that you can co-operate with God in His chosen work—the salvation of souls. Now you will do this by helping St. Joseph's Seminary and

Call of the Irish Race.

BY MOST REV. HERBERT VAUGHAN, ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER.

I am persuaded God in these latter ages of the world has prepared another empire more extensive and more powerful than the Roman, made up not of one, but of several governments, and bound together by one tongue and character, to become the instrument of His mercy in bringing to salvation those hundreds of millions who still await the establishment of His kingdom amongst them. That empire is the empire of the English-speaking races of the world. Their society is not Catholic; their governments scarcely profess to be Christian. Two principles seem almost exclusively to have the direction of their public policy and conduct, expediency and commercial prosperity. They are split up into a thousand conflicting sects, and probably it is not too much to say that half their population is without supernatural faith. Nevertheless, there is no race in the world that affords stronger grounds for hope, or that seems to have so great a future. I have not failed to observe during the months I have spent in the States the strong natural virtues which form the solid basis of the national character—courage, industry, self-sacrifice, a certain thoroughness of purpose, an upright and kindly disposition, and a sympathetic and large-hearted generosity. It was through "their counsel and patience" and "mines of silver and of gold" that the Romans (1 Machabees, chap. viii) attained their power and fame throughout the world. And it is through the natural virtues which I have enumerated that the English-speaking race has become more prosperous and powerful than any other. No doubt the proportionate reward of these is on earth. But they raise the character and capacity of a people, and when directed into a higher channel and informed with faith, issue in the highest type of a Christian people. But, you will ask, what prospect is there of the conversion of the English-speaking race? I know not. But its influence, power and energies can be used for Christ beside the will and intention of the race. There is a penetrating and irresistible Catholic influence providentially set to work upon this race which the hand of man cannot arrest. God has so determined that wherever the English are, there also shall be the Irish. The children of St. Patrick are a chosen race—they are God's people. From the dawn of their history they were grounded in a faith and charity which nothing has been able to destroy. These virtues have become traditional and instinctive. God has made them the leaven of the widespread and energetic race, which is multiplying and possessing the world. See the good woman of the house as she mingles the flour and the water and kneads the dough in the trough. It is a heavy and unwholesome mass, but when a handful of leaven is cast into it by degrees it penetrates it in every direction and lightens the whole mass.

Such is the faith of Ireland cast into the mass of the English and American populations. Her very persecutions and sufferings during centuries have all tended to multiply her influence. As the coriander seed, the more it is bruised and triturated the more powerfully it sends forth its aroma, affecting everything it comes in contact with, so Ireland with the fragrance of her faith and charity.

Look for a moment to the position which the sons of St. Patrick occupy in the United States. They came there in poverty, and honestly and hopefully they set to work. They are now to be found successful in every department of public life, attaining to the highest positions and commanding the respect of all men. Who more esteemed by all parties as being incorruptible in these days of corruption than the Catholic Senator (Kernan) of Irish descent who sat in the Capitol at Washington or the acknowledged head (O'Connor) of the legal profession in New York? Who more trusted for integrity and honor than many of the bankers and merchants and men of business, whose names are well known? Is there a State or a city in the Union in which the Irish have not already made their mark? Well, I cannot see in this material prosperity and success the ultimate end of God's designs upon that race. A history of faith and charity such as theirs cannot be destined to wear away and be lost in the dust and ashes of human pleasure or riches. Whatever may be their social or commercial triumphs, these be assured are subsidiary to their divine and providential mission—their true inheritance.

WHO IS A ZELATOR?

A ZELATOR is one who gets twenty subscribers for THE COLORED HARVEST. Try and become a ZELATOR. A special Mass is offered for their intentions on the first Friday of every month.

A Martyr of Our Own Day.

BY MISS PAULINE STUMP.

The Church has her martyrs in all ages and in all climes. Since the day her divine Founder's Sacred Heart was pierced, and earth drank in His blood, the members of His mystical body, united by love to that Sacred Heart, the source of their strength and devotedness have never ceased to imitate its prodigal out pouring; for the evangelization of a nation is seldom or never accomplished until the land has been watered with the blood of Christian martyrs. Among those who, in our own day, have thus laid down their life for Christ is Just de Breteniere, second son of Baron Edmond de Breteniere, and Anne Marie Lantin de Montcoy, his wife. He was born at Charlon-sur-Laone, February 28, 1838. His parents were most exemplary Christians, his home, a model one, and the atmosphere in which Just lived and breathed was that of purity.



J. M. de Breteniere
Martyr of Corea

Nothing remarkable characterized his childhood, except the following incident:

One day, when Just was about six years old, he and his little brother Christian were amusing themselves digging up the earth; suddenly, Just bending over the hole he had dug exclaimed, "Keep quiet, I see the Chinese! I see the Chinese! Let us dig deeper and we will reach them." Christian peered into the hole and saw nothing. Just much excited described to him the costumes of the Chinese. Their mother was called, and she could see nothing. Just now said in a tone of great earnestness, "You cannot hear them, but I hear and see them very plainly. There they are, mamma, at the bottom of this hole, far, very far down. They are calling me and I must go save them." Twenty years afterwards, he mentioned this incident to one of his fellow-students; also, on another occasion, to the superior of the College of Penang, saying to the former that he knew from that time forth his vocation was to be a missionary.

His education and that of his brother, a most liberal one, was conducted by the parents themselves or under their immediate supervision. The two boys made their first communion, September 12, 1850, in the parish church of Montcoy, when Just, who had been kept back, waiting for his brother, was twelve and a half years old. As a very small child he had been remarkable for his extreme sensitiveness and dread of physical pain, but after his first communion a great change came over him in this respect, and he even sought occasions of sufferings. When about eighteen years old, by his confessor's advice, he informed his parents of his long cherished design of becoming a priest. Though rejoicing in his decision, they requested him to remain at home two years longer on account of his younger brother over whom he had a great ascendancy. At the expiration of this time he entered the Seminary of Issy, his chief object in this being to decide whether his precise vocation was that of a Dominican friar, to which he at first seemed drawn, or that of a secular missionary priest. His predominant desire throughout had been to become a missionary; hence, during his second year at Issy

he determined to enter the Seminary of Foreign Missions, and on the 15th of May, 1861, his father accompanied him thither. At the end of a month he was allowed by his superiors to return home to take leave of relatives and friends. Three weeks he spent with his parents, doing all he could, notwithstanding his own interior sufferings, to make them forget that these were his last days at home. On the 19th of September, 1861, accompanied by his father, mother and brother, he bade a final adieu to the scenes of his childhood. As they drove out of the village, his feelings betrayed themselves for a moment, but for a moment only. "At last! it is over!" he exclaimed, in a tone of great emotion, and the next instant, apparently recovered his composure.

After the usual course of studies, during which time he edified all who knew him, Just was ordained priest in the church of the Missions Etrangères, on the 21st of May, 1864, by Mgr. Thomine Demazure, Vicar Apostolic of Thibet, and next morning he said his first mass, assisted by the venerable priest who had baptized him just twenty-six years before. In June, his superior made known to him the scene of his future labors—Corea, at which intelligence his heart was filled with joy—the joy of a pure, fervent heart, that aspiring to martyrdom, believes it now sees the road leading thereto. Space not permitting us to dwell upon the events of our martyr's life as we could wish, nor even to give a slight sketch of the church in that far-off land of Corea, we shall merely state that our missionary, accompanied by three others, (Fathers Beaulieu, Dorie and Heine, also destined to share his martyrdom,) reached Hong-Kong on the 28th of August, 1864, but did not attempt to enter Corea, until the following spring, as it was an undertaking of extraordinary difficulty and danger. Meantime, having got as far as the mission of Notre Dame des Neiges, in the province of Leao-Tong, quite near the frontiers of Corea, they were affectionately welcomed by the Bishop, Mgr. Nerrole, who assigned each one a temporary post with an older missionary, which afforded them great facilities for learning the language of the country. Just's progress therein was so rapid that, in three months he could communicate with the natives.

At last, May 27, 1865, after running great risk, Just and his companions landed in Corea, and were immediately assigned to their respective posts.

Passing over the events which brought about the persecution of the Christians in Corea, we came to the 26th of February following, on which day having been apprehended on the 25th, Just was brought before the tribunal, three days after the arrest of his bishop. He made no resistance, and when interrogated, his answer was simply, "I come here to save souls; gladly will I die for God." Four times he was brought forth from prison and tortured most cruelly, in presence of the tribunal and the usual crowd surrounding it; yet it was noticed that no cry of pain, no murmur escaped his lips, moving the while in prayer. In a few days he was transferred to another prison where he found his bishop. They were soon joined by Fathers Beaulieu and Dorie. Who can describe the joy of such a meeting? At last, March 8, 1866, they were taken out of prison, and as none of them were able to walk, their limbs having been so mangled and broken by the tortures inflicted, they were carried to the place of execution, each in a chair, their arms and legs bound, their head drawn back and tied by the hair to the chair. Reaching the fatal spot of execution, over which a mandarin with four hundred soldiers presided, the bishop was the first called to his reward. After various hideous preparations, six men danced around him, brandishing over his head an immense knife with which each was armed, striking at him in turn. At the third blow, his head fell to the ground. Just's turn came next. He underwent the same torture. At the fourth blow his head was severed from his body, and Just de Breteniere, wearing the martyr's crown for which he had long sighed, looked from Heaven upon the land bedewed with his blood—a holy dew that will one day render it fruitful in saints.

The Arab Christian Villages in Algeria.

BY LADY HERBERT.

Many visitors to Algeria have doubtless heard of the wonderful exertions of the Archbishop of that country, Card. Lavigerie, whereby thousands of Arab children were saved, both body and soul, after the fearful famine of 1868. But few people are aware of the existence of the Arab Christian villages, which form, as it were, the completion of his great and really superhuman work, so that a slight sketch of their origin and establishment may not be without interest to our readers.

It is needless to go back in detail to the horrors of that famine year. No one who had not witnessed them could ever believe the heart-breaking scenes which met one at every turn—men reduced to perfect skeletons, eating grass like the beasts of the field, women sinking by the roadside, with starving babies at their breasts, young children, gaunt with famine, with faces like old men, their bones starting through their skin, vainly striving to keep up with their parents, and dropping by dozens on the way. But whereas with the Mussulmans and their fatalist doctrines, scarcely barren pity was elicited for the sufferers, Catholic charity was roused to an heroic pitch of devotion. Priests with the holy Archbishop at their head, Sisters of every Order, ladies, doctors, soldiers—all put their shoulders to the wheel, and braving death (for typhus had, as usual, followed in the train of the famine), multiplied themselves to meet the terrible crisis, and save this starving multitude. But spite of all their efforts, thousands of Arabs died, leaving their children on the Archbishop's hands. What was to be done with them? In a beautiful letter, addressed by Card. Lavigerie to the

French and Belgian Catholics, we find the answer to this query in his own simple words, "God inspired me to become their father." Upwards of two thousand boys and girls were received at first in his own Episcopal Palace; then Brothers and Sisters offered their services, which were accepted, and large agricultural schools were opened, in which both sexes were trained to every kind of industrial and out-of-door work, with a result which has amazed all those who have visited these establishments. But the Archbishop was not content with educating and bringing up these children. He determined to devise a scheme, whereby their future would be secured from the danger of returning to their tribes or becoming depraved by contact with the bad colonists who, unhappily, abound in Algeria, which, for a long while, was looked upon almost as a penal settlement.

We will give his plan in his own words:

"I have bought land to create by-and-by Arab Christian villages, just as the State has done in Algeria for Spaniards, Swiss, and Italians. We shall form families, by uniting our young men and women, giving them each the quantity of land necessary for their maintenance and that of their children, and of these groups of twenty, thirty and

forty young couples, we shall create villages under our own superintendence, and, I trust, with the approval and encouragement of the State. For it will be an easy and certain method of forming in the heart of Algeria a native Christian population, and assimilating to ourselves races which hitherto we have subdued only by force of arms, without inducing them to conform to our faith or habits, and whom we have the sorrow of seeing rapidly deteriorating, and even disappearing before the influx of their Christian conquerors."

"In one of the Algerian valleys, between two chains of mountains, of which one, stretching towards the sea, forms the little Kabylia of Cherchell, and the other, rising in an amphitheatre, leads to the high levels of the Sahara, one perceives, during the last few months, from the railroad, which is now open between Oran and Algiers, a little village perched on the lowest spurs of the mountains. A bright stream, the Chélif, flows at its feet; another little river bounds it to the right. This village is on the site of an old Roman colony, which was undoubtedly a Christian one also, for the ruins of a church were found when making the excavations for the new buildings. . . . The houses, separated one from the other, but

tan. My children are our orphans; the Arabs look upon me as the father of all these poor little souls, whom I have saved from death, and it is their custom to give to the tribes the name of their founder."

Cardinal Lavigerie had placed as pastors of these new villages some of his own admirable African missionaries. Now, one of their rules is to study medicine, and to attend themselves to any sick who may be brought to them. And so at St. Cyprian, they began, as they did everywhere else, to devote themselves to the care of the sick and suffering. One of the houses in the village was taken for a pharmacy, and the skill and tender care of the missionaries, who gave both dressing and drugs gratuitously, soon attracted all the sick Arabs of the different mountain tribes in the vicinity. Many who could not walk were brought on the backs of mules, and laid down at the feet of the Fathers, who would kneel and dress their hideous wounds with the utmost charity and patience. The natives were never weary of expressing their astonishment. "Why do you do this?" they would exclaim. "Our own fathers and mothers would not take as much trouble for us!" The reputation of the cures effected in this way spread far and wide. The women, who held aloof

at first from Mus-sulman prejudice, began flocking in likewise. The archbishop then sent Sisters (of the same African Congregation which he had founded) to attend to them. But one thing was becoming indispensable, and that was a hospital, where those whose diseases required a longer treatment could be received and nursed with that care and cleanliness, which were almost the conditions of cure.

After two years' labor, and with the liberal alms of the French and Belgian Catholics, the hospital was completed. In order to inaugurate the new hospital in a way which should duly impress the Arabs, Mgr. Lavi-

gerie sent out invitations to a feast (or *diffa*), to be given on the day of the opening to all the natives of the different "Douars" of the mountains adjoining the Chélif, and invited likewise all the French authorities and European visitors of distinction to accompany him on the occasion. All gladly responded to the appeal; and on the 5th of February, 1876, at six o'clock in the morning, a special train conveyed the whole company from Algiers to St. Cyprian. Few who were present on this occasion will forget the beautiful sight presented on their arrival: on the one side, the bright new village, with its church and presbytery glistening in the sun; on the other, the tents of the Arabs, forming an immense camp; and above the village, the new hospital, decorated with flags, the road leading to it being adorned with triumphal arches and flowers. On either side of the railroad were columns of mounted Arabs, armed and motionless, waiting for the arrival of the guests. At a signal from their chief the whole body of cavalry charged the incoming train, which had just slackened speed. They surrounded the carriages, firing in the air, uttering their war cries, now advancing, then retiring, till some of the ladies of the party were thoroughly alarmed, believing it was their intention



AN EQUATORIAL WAKE.

arranged in straight streets, are simple in construction, but bright, clean and cheerful. Green plantations of the Eucalyptus look gay against the white walls. A pretty little church is built in the centre of the village, above which rises the Cross of the Primate, St. Cyprian, the Carthage Martyr, to whom the church is dedicated. In front of the village is stretched a vast garden, divided into allotments, according to the number of the families, and irrigated by two *Norias* (or wells), sunk in the soil. Behind is a large park, surrounded by a wall, in which are inclosed the oxen for ploughing, with the cows and goats needed for milking. All around, the dwarf palms and Algerian-bush vegetation are being cleared, to make way for wheat-fields and other crops. Everywhere you see work, life, and action. If you ask a European the name of this new village, he will tell you, "It is St. Cyprian of Tighsel" (the Tighsel is the name of the little river to the right, which forms the boundary of the village). But if you go to any of the Arab tribes encamped on the neighboring hills, and ask the same question, they will answer, "It is the village of the children of the great Marabout."

This "Marabout" is myself. They give the same name to all priests, whether Catholic or Mahome-

to make an attack on the whole company. But no—it was only their picturesque way of giving a welcome. The train stops; the guests leave the carriages, and are met by a native mayor, with an address, while the cannon sound and the bells of the church chime joyful peals, mingled with the wild and exultant cries of the Arabs.

On the terrace in front of the hospital, with its beautiful arched facade under a red and gold canopy, stood the archbishop, in full pontificals, with his mitre on his head, his crozier in his hand, the Pontifical cross and canopy borne by natives in white burnouses and scarlet sashes; and around him fifty of his priests, some in gold vestments, some in the white Arab dress, worn by his African missionaries, but all motionless as statues. As the procession advanced to the foot of the steps leading to the terrace, Mgr. Lavigerie intoned the hymn to the Holy Ghost, which the clergy took up with fine, sonorous voices. Then the Archbishop taking holy water, solemnly blessed the building, and turning to the four points of heaven, pronounced the solemn Pontifical Benediction. Once more the cannon sounded, and the church bells joyfully resumed their peal. Then the company were invited to visit the hospital in detail, the simple but beautiful inscription above the entrance, *Bit-Allah* (the house of God) having attracted all eyes. After the visit to the hospital, the European part of the company returned to the terrace to see the *Fantasia*, or horsemanship, which the Arabs had themselves prepared in honor of the Archbishop. Upwards of twelve hundred men, magnificently mounted, under the command of the Bach-Agha, Bou-Alem, the friend and companion of Abd el-Kader, performed for two hours and a half the most wonderful evolutions and equestrian feats, amidst enthusiastic applause from the Arab spectators. These *Fantasias* are almost always attended with loss of life, but in this instance, though several accidents occurred to the horses, none were hurt, and the Arabs declared it was the result of the *Baraka*, or blessing of the Great Marabout, which preserved both men and beasts. Then followed the feast, which was Homeric in its character. On the hillside above the hospital innumerable tents were pitched; in the centre, the temporary kitchen was installed; eighty-six sheep and a large number of fat oxen were roasted whole, suspended on long poles; and while one set of Arabs were piling wood on the fires, the women were bearing huge bowls of *Cous-cous* into each tent. Rice for four thousand people, ten thousand oranges and a proportionate quantity of dates and figs were among the gifts presented to the good Archbishop for this impromptu Arab feast. And in an incredibly short space of time the sheep and oxen were cut up, distributed and devoured by his native guests. Soon music succeeded to the feast; and then an old bard, selected by the Arabs themselves, came forward and sung to the Archbishop a ballad composed for the occasion as a surprise to him, and in which, after describing their sufferings during the famine, they drew an eloquent picture of the Catholic charity through which they had been saved.

A short visit was then paid to the new villages of St. Cyprian and St. Monica. Every one admired the tidiness and cleanliness of the houses, the healthy appearance of the children, and the care with which the gardens and fields were cultivated. And before getting into the train to return to Algiers, the whole company repaired to the church, where the priests sung the beautiful African *Ave Maria*. Their voices still echoed through the plain as the train sped rapidly back towards Algiers. All of a sudden a bright light was seen on the mountains; the Arab Christians had improvised an illumination in honor of their dear and cherished Father; and a huge, glittering cross appeared, as if hanging in mid-air, against the dark shadow of the mountains behind. It seemed the symbol of the event which had been that day commemorated, the triumph of the Cross of Christ over the darkness which for so many centuries had hung over this land, and an earnest to the faithful and loving Pastor of the flock of the conquest which he and his devoted brethren would still achieve over the infidel elements by which they are surrounded.

One Week Among the Mission Helpers.

MY DEAR ANNIE: In compliance with your request for an outline of our labors among the Negro race in Baltimore, I send the following memoranda of a week's work, which includes most of our duties as Mission Helpers. May it prove interesting to you as well as all others who are thinking of engaging in this apostolic work:

We have no day schools, for teaching and missionary work can hardly go on hand in hand. Several rooms at our Guild are, however, set apart for a night school, to which servants come and learn the three R's. These exercises commence at 4 P. M. and last until 7.30. The girls come two, three or four nights a week, as they can manage to leave their work. About two hundred attend this school whose ages range from fourteen to sixty years. Indeed, we had one grandmother beyond that age, who in one winter managed to learn to read quite nicely, coming three nights a week and carrying her books in a bag, in school-girl fashion, far more simply than her grandchildren would do. To quote one of her favorite sayings: "It uset mos' drive me 'stracted 'fore f'edom b'oke out an' a'ter de wa' wuz ober to look at my p'ayer book an' couldn' read one wud." She is now very happy in being able to read them.

There is also at the Guild a sewing-school, the attendance of which averages two hundred children, who assemble at 4 P. M. for three hours' work. Many of the children go to day school, which shows no lack of industry on their part to so cheerfully give up play and recreation in order to master the art of using deftly the needle. The first sewing lesson consists in threading a needle, tying a knot and the like. Afterwards the lessons are graded, basting, running back, stitching, hemming, felling, gathering, darning, patching, etc., following in due order, the course terminating with button-holes. Hand sewing is thus the preface to the machine work, which, child-like, they would prefer to have first. The term from September to June usually finishes the first course. At Christmas the children have a treat and receive prizes for attendance, improvement, deportment and catechism. They are taught Christian doctrine every day, learn how to say the Rosary, to follow the stations, and they like the May devotions in our little chapel. Most of them, let me say, are Protestants. When our numbers increase, with God's blessing, we shall teach these girls how to make their own clothes, and as soon as our means allows of it, we shall open a cooking-school, as several of us understand the culinary art.

In visiting their houses, however, we get a practical knowledge of their needs from their surroundings and home life. Being a simple and hospitable people, we are generally welcomed with a bright smile, and a look of genuine pleasure lights up the dusky features of mother and children as they recognize the Sisters. Nor have we ever met with aught save the deepest respect even from the lowest and most degraded. When the Sisters enter a house the mother leaves her work and seems to instinctively understand that the good Lord has sent a servant of His household whose duty it is to instruct her in spiritual matters and listen to and sympathize with her in her own sorrows. Meanwhile a child is dispatched to collect the balance of the family, and every child or "head," to use the common name for a Negro child, is presented to the visitor. More generally, however, we find the hearthstone desolate by the absence of the mother, who is obliged to go out to work to supply the little ones with bread. And here it is that the wretchedness of their situation fully stares us in the face. How to solve the problem of their slovenly and unthrifty habits? A mother goes out to work in the early morning, leaving five, six, and even more children to manage as best they can their own dressing, washing and housework, the oldest scarcely able to take care of itself and the others. Hence, the children may be seen on the doorsteps and alleys, half-dressed, strangers to a wash, whose food is uncooked and whose dishes remain all day on the table. When the mother comes home at night she

is too utterly exhausted after her day's hard labor to attempt to teach her children the duties of the household. Those children as they grow up retain such early impressions of untidiness, and will consequently fail in the qualities essential to make a home happy.

Our principal work among them, however, is to train them for good servants, dressmakers and kindred employments. This we can effectually do only by getting the children under the Guild's influence while yet very young, before their home surroundings unchangeably warp their character. Thus it will come to pass that their first impressions will be of cleanliness and neatness.

To turn now to a fresh phase of our work. On Sunday mornings four of the Sisters go to the almshouse, Bay View. Their arrival is welcomed with pleasure by the young and old Negroes, who sit on the window-sill watching for them. We have had a few converts among them, while others are being instructed for baptism. We visit every ward, speaking to all regardless of denomination, saying a few words of sympathy to one, encouraging another, instructing a third, and so on. From two to three hours are thus spent. Sunday afternoon four Sisters, having arrived at the jail, begin their work of instructing the Negro women prisoners, who average from forty to sixty. They commence with the "Our Father" and "Hail Mary," and then sing a few hymns, in which all join heartily, for the Negroes, you know, are beautiful song birds. They seem to be specially pleased at seeing our solitary colored Sister presiding at the organ. Singing over, Catechism class follows, when their interest is fully aroused. In their zeal to learn the prayers and study the lesson, the hardness of the criminal face disappears and is replaced by a happy, hopeful expression. This lesson is taught to all together, after which the Sisters talk to everyone individually, going from bench to bench exhorting and encouraging them. The exercises close with prayers and hymns, and their desire of prolonging the Sisters time with them is evidence of their interest. We hope that by kindness and with God's blessing we shall be able to charm many of these unfortunate women from their life of sin and crime. In the morning another band visit the Penitentiary, where also some of the inmates are under instruction. Of course, the devotional exercises are the same as at the jail.

In St. Martin's parish a sewing-school on Saturday and a Sunday-school for the Negro children of that parish is another work. The attendance at the latter is less than that at the former, because only Catholic children are there, while in the sewing-school we have children of all denominations; but as Catechism is taught here also, there are good hopes that at some future time it will be the means of bringing some of them, if not all, into the Church.

A band of us is set apart to visit the homes and instruct the parents in household duties, where deemed necessary. All of the work mentioned thus far is done in the city. Besides, we have also a sewing-school in Waverly. The colored school there is taught by a lay teacher, but one day in every week two Sisters teach the children sewing, knitting, etc. All the eight hospitals in the city that receive Negro patients are also visited by the Sisters. I am sorry to say, however, that there are some hospitals that will not receive them. Moreover, every fortnight, alternately with a priest of the Colored Mission, we visit the State Reformatory for Colored Girls at Melvale. Begging you and all kind friends and enquirers to pray for us and our perseverance, and trusting that the Queen of the Rosary and our great Father, St. Joseph, will raise up many helpers,

Believe me, your affectionate sister,

FANNIE, (Sister —).

Mission Helper.

St. Joseph's Guild, 416 West Biddle street, Baltimore, Md.

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The Early Church and Slavery.

BY PROF. S. V. WILBY.

There is no story more interesting and instructive than that of the early church. There is no poem more sublime or beautiful than the epic of the Christian martyr, that realistic drama which kept the world's stage for over three hundred years. Out of this deadly struggle between Paganism and Christianity woman came forth respected, honored and elevated, man ennobled, and the slave free. The history of this period will never be fittingly written; it can never be truly conceived.

Let us view the work of the early church in one of its phases. How did it effect the slave? Christianity, as soon as it entered Rome, began to pervade all classes—the high and the low, the bond and the free. It found the Romans divided into two great groups—men of leisure and laborers. In the first group were the nobility—all men who possessed great wealth—and the plebians, who lived on the largesses of the nobility. In the second group were found the workers, filling every department of labor; they were all slaves. Labor in the eyes of a freeman was undignified, a mark of disgrace. The Roman slave was sunk in ignorance, in vice, and in superstition. He was a chattel, had no personal rights, and knew none. The laws only spoke his infamy; they were directed, in fact, against him. The temples of justice were closed to him; the gods turned a deaf ear to his entreaties. His past was dark, but his future still darker. He knew no hope, either as regards this life or the life to come. Desperation took the place of hope, the desperation that was heard anon in those rumbling sounds of insurrection that made Rome tremble.

To the slave in this condition came Christianity as a benediction from heaven. A new spirit entered into his being. The mists that had long settled over his mind like a pall began to part asunder, and through the rifts he caught his first glimpse of eternal life. He heard of a loving Master who had died for him, and saw daily those who were no less willing to submit to the same sacrifice for His sake. The work of inculcating the doctrines of the church was by no means easy; indeed, it was most arduous and at times discouraging. Men who could not sufficiently realize the degradation of their position needed much instruction, and this was given earnestly. Zeal at length triumphed. Little by little the faith spread; little by little the seed took root, and soon a strange and ominous phrase struck the Roman's ear—"I am a slave, and you are my master. God made us both and He made us free. Slavery comes not from Him; it is the work of man. Before men you may possess my body; it is a perishable and paltry thing. But you cannot possess my soul; that belongs to God." How worthy he proved himself of this gift of faith we have abundant evidence. The church had no more stalwart champion. In no one could she more safely confide in those dark and trying times when a cruel death was the consummation of an act of faith.

It was a sweet and honorable thing then to die for one's faith. It was the one act in the doing of which the slave could show his manhood. And how eloquently did he show it! He who had never known how to say no, he to whom his master's every bidding was always law, now braved the hungry lions of the arena, and gave testimony of the faith that was in him. The female slave who had been taught to basely cringe before her brutal master now stood proudly erect and dared death itself in preference to dishonor. Thus did the church bring out the manhood and womanhood of the slave; thus was virtue taught to be the pearl beyond all price.

How beautiful was the Christian equality of those days! How sublime was it in the face of death! In the catacombs all were equal, all knelt together and prayed together; they listened to the same teachings, received the same sacraments, were present at the same sacrifice, were eligible to

the same august honors of the priesthood, were as obedient to the patrician Pope St. Clement as they were to Pope St. Calixtus, who had been a slave. They were one in God, they being His children. How beautiful, impressive, pathetic was this equality in the face of death! Hand in hand across the arena went the noble Roman and the slave, their voices blended in the hymns they sung, their blood dyed the same instruments of torture and mingled in the same sand; their souls went heavenward together; loving hands bore their mangled remains to the same crypt and interred them with the same honors; on the anniversaries of their death crowds knelt reverently around their reliquaries and invoked their aid alike.

The humility of these early Christians was no less conspicuous. "Take the place of honor," said a noble Roman to his slave while on the way to martyrdom. "No," replied the slave with dignity; "I am poor and lowly, although a martyr like yourself. I am unworthy to go first. To you the honor. I leave behind me nothing but gloom and pain; you in your love for Christ have sacrificed everything—your standing among men, honors and riches, your children's filial love. You enter heaven first and I will follow." Could anything be more delicate than this pure and disinterested appreciation! When a Roman slave could die a death like this and utter such a Christian sentiment, he was no longer a slave, no matter what might be his surroundings. Man's highest freedom is not of body, but of mind; his basest servility is hypocrisy and obsequiousness. "The man whom we cannot compel to do what he wills not," says St. Ambrose, "or prevent from doing that which

religion took her place behind the law-giver and impregnated his arid formulas with the unction of charity and justice.

A Constantine forbids the branding of the face, "wherein resides the image of divine beauty." A medal worn around the neck now takes the place of the hideous scar heretofore burnt into the neck of a fugitive slave. Death on the cross is abolished, as this instrument of torture is now associated with the Crucifixion and Death of our Lord. Stringent laws are passed against cruel masters. The murder of a slave is considered a homicide before the law. The legality of manumission is acknowledged. The freed slave is made eligible to citizenship. Laws are framed against the separating of husband from wife or children from parents. The slave's moral and physical well-being is brought under the protection of the law.

Theodosius, hearkening to the advice of churchmen, suppressed private theatricals in which singing girls were wont to appear, as these exhibitions were dangerous to morality. Other emperors legislated in the same direction, and purged Rome of that corruption, which was then so intimately connected with scenic display. Justinian goes a step further and places in the same category of punishment all crimes committed against a bond or freeborn woman.

During his reign the slave obtained many civil rights before denied him. Not the least of these was the right allowed a young man to enter the religious state without the formal consent of his master. The Christian ideal had not as yet been reached, but the work was fast nearing completion. When a Christian emperor in the sixth century could say of slavery, "that barbarous institution, contrary to natural law," we might well believe that the church's salutary work in the interest of the slave was well nigh accomplished. And this was the case. After the sixth century slavery was on the decline. As Christianity advanced it receded before it. Spain and Italy, owing to the Moorish and Oriental wars, were the last countries in Europe to do away with the traffic.

The suppression of slavery the world over must necessarily follow in the wake of Christianity. We are dealing with the first efforts of the church in the slave's behalf, the gigantic battle between Christian and Pagan civilization. When that conflict was over, the slave was free. It was the triumph of love

and truth. The magnitude of the achievement can hardly be estimated. Its grandeur is seen in the means by which it was accomplished and the effects that followed. The church found the Roman slave a chattel; she made him a man. She found him sunken in vice; she made him pure. She found him a lover of idols, and made him a lover of God. She found labor a thing despised—the portion of slaves; she made it a mark of dignity, the boon of freedmen. She deprecated vice and extolled virtue. She blessed the family, and cast a halo of light on motherhood. Laws pregnant with Paganism she transformed into laws innate with the life of Christianity. Under her influence the barbarian became a saint, and the timid maiden drew superhuman courage from the foot of the altar. The Vandal, the Hun, and the Goth tamed their fury before this invisible influence, and went home to put into practice the laws which they had hitherto despised. And the means were as simple as they were efficacious. The same means that a Leo adopts to-day to ameliorate the condition of the workingman; the same means that a Lavigerie employs to stop the African slave trade, that "open sore of the world."

Let us hope that the endeavors of the present day will be crowned with that measure of success which was meted out to those glorious pioneers of the Early Church.

Highland Park, Baltimore, Md.

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he wills, is no longer a slave." This moral emancipation of the slave the church effected. His manumission in the civil order was no less striking, though less slow in the accomplishing. The moral influence of Christianity wedging itself into every strata of Roman life, was to effect and reach the slave by the sure but slow process of time. It was to become the power behind the throne, and to succeed at length in planting the cross on that stupendous fabric of Roman jurisprudence that Ozanam has likened to the coliseum.

The church, by turning her attention to the conversion and moral elevation of the slave, used the best means for the attaining of his civil rights. She first of all looked to the family, proclaimed the marriage tie indissoluble, and sought to instil filial love into the hearts of young and old. The first germs of home life among Roman slaves were thus planted. Christians were shown the beauty of the act of emancipating their slaves. This imitation was soon put into practice, until it became a custom among wealthy Christians to free their slaves in honor of a dead parent, or in return for the gift of faith. When these slaves became freedmen the church encouraged manual trades and created free labor for hire, a thing then almost unheard of in Rome. To stimulate them, she pointed to our Lord and the apostles as glorious examples for them to follow. After a century the growing influence of Christianity was seen even in the laws. Ameliorating conditions crept in unconsciously. When it became possible for the church to move with a degree of freedom, and for a Christian emperor to occupy the throne,

St. Joseph's Brotherhood.



There are diversities of graces, but the same spirit; and there are diversities of ministries, but the same Lord; and there are diversities of operations, but the same God who worketh all in all.

God calls some to preach and baptize; others to assist those who are thus engaged; while others, again, are picked out for less exalted and less sacred occupations. Many devout souls, not called to be priests, may yet follow in the footsteps of our Lord and labor for the salvation of souls by becoming brothers of our society. They seek, first, their own sanctification by the practice of the evangelical counsels, and then the salvation of their neighbors by co-operating in the missionary work of the society—giving freely to it their prayers and their labors.

The value and merit of their work are to be measured, not by the nature of the labor in itself, but by the intention with which they act and by the amount of love for God which animates their life. By working for the temporal well-being of the missionaries, they aim at doing what St. Joseph did for our Lord, the Master of the apostles. If they are faithful to their holy calling, they will have the merit and crown of the apostolate, because of their co-operation in the apostolic work of our society. Once admitted to membership, the brothers are entitled to their support, in sickness as well as in health, for the rest of their lives.

Postulants should be recommended by their director and former employer. They should be endowed with good sense and a sound constitution, and not be too old. Those who know a trade, such as carpentering, gardening, etc., are preferred. Those who are considered fit to become teachers or catechists spend a part of their time in study. They should also be ready to accept with perfect indifference any work that their superiors may be pleased to assign them.

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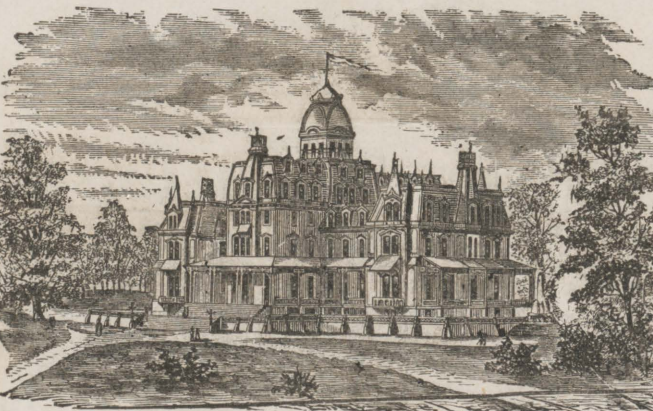
EPIPHANY APOSTOLIC COLLEGE.

Its Work for Colored Missions in 1891-1892.

This, the third year of our college, has, thank God, been in no way behind the past two in earnest endeavor and good results. We opened on September 1, 1891. The sixteen newcomers who swelled our number to sixty-four, were received with open arms, the sunshine of good-fellowship quickly dispelling the light but threatening clouds of home-sickness. After a day's retreat work began in earnest. English, Latin, Greek, French and mathematics became once more our guiding stars, though some of the beginners were inclined to look upon them as "will-o'-the-wisps." The few weeds that managed to elude the summer garden were rooted out, and Epiphany once more resumed its bright and cheery appearance. In fact, it seemed brighter and more cheery than ever, for this year brought a notable addition to our college in the shape of a handsome gymnasium, one of the many gifts of a kind friend. The gymnasium building was formerly the hotel laundry, now converted into a spacious hall, in which are chest-weights, dumbbells, Indian clubs, parallel bars, rowing machines, flying-rings and kindred amusements. The development of no part of one's anatomy seems to have been forgotten. Marvellously-constructed arrangements appear on all sides, calculated to puzzle the uninitiated and tempt the unwary. At one end of the gymnasium is a handsome stage, where the dramatic talent of the establishment disports itself. Our supply of scenery is as yet limited, but no doubt that slight defect will be supplied in time.

Taken all in all, our gymnasium is at least equal to that of any Catholic college in the country.

In October the annual Retreat of four days began. It was conducted by the Right Rev. Bishop Curtis, of Wilmington, Del. The happy faces and joyous congratulations at its close told that the Bishop's words had been blessed. He dwelt long and earnestly on the beauty of Negro apostolate, and the care which we



should take to foster it. God grant the seed fell upon good ground.

The pleasant routine of our lives was broken by the departure of our beloved Rector for a summer clime. He lingered with us as long as his extremely delicate health allowed. His departure cast a gloom over us; but time, which heals all wounds, reconciled us to the new order of things. Father Geniesse took the helm and piloted our little bark in safety through the storms of the year.

The next event of importance was the ordination of Father Uncles, which event took place at the Baltimore Cathedral on December 22d. We all attended, and were enthusiastic witnesses. Father Uncles had been teaching at the college for some time previous, and had endeared himself to all. At his first appearance, after ordination, in the refectory the boys arose simultaneously and burst forth in hearty cheers and applause. A holiday in honor of the event quite filled our cup.

Christmas came with its usual stock of good cheer. The Midnight Mass is an event of special importance with us, and we prepare for it with elaborate care. The house is hung with festoons and the chapel is ablaze with lights and flowers in honor of our new-born King. Midnight Mass is followed by a light repast in the refectory, when the glad cry of "Merry Christmas" resounds on all sides, and "hands are shaken till they ache again." The week's holiday which follows is thoroughly enjoyed, walking and skating parties furnishing healthful and constant diversion.

The Feast of Epiphany, the patronal day of the college, was kept with due solemnity.

February brought the semi-annual examinations, which last two weeks, one week being devoted to a written and one to an oral examination. The latter in public, inasmuch as each boy is examined in the presence of the entire faculty and community. This is an ordeal much dreaded, especially by the younger boys. To stand up while four or five professors hurl questions at one is appalling, but it is soon over. The examinations proved that time had not been wasted. In fact, there is very little of that with us. Holidays, except the regular

weekly holiday, are few and far between. Every incentive for study is given, and the result is quite satisfactory.

Afterwards we pursued the even tenor of our way till Lent came in due season, bringing at its door Holy Week, with its touching services. In our recreation hall a repository was built by loving hands, and loving hearts remained there day and night to console Him during His exile. Good Friday was a day of absolute silence. Easter Sunday broke calm and beautiful, dispelling the gloomy shadows of the preceding week. The May illuminations, which are a feature in our college, come next on the program. It is indeed a beautiful sight to see the grounds in front of the college illuminated by hundreds of parti colored lights, and in their midst the statue of Our Lady. The magnificent Litany of the Blessed Virgin and a number of hymns are sung, when the Rosary and night prayers are recited as a close to the happy event.

Spring in her budding loveliness is here, and the poets of the community wander about abstractedly murmuring snatches of verse about the time when "all the woods stand in a mist of green, and nothing perfect." The professors take advantage of the suggestive beauty of our landscape, at this season, to ask for spring poems and compositions. None of the productions so far threaten to set the world on fire.

The coming examinations are already casting their shadows before, and vacation looms restfully in the distance. Let us thank God for a well spent year.

F. H., Class '92.

Story of the Conversion of a Colored Youth.

REV. DEAR FATHER: In compliance with your request, I here give you a short narrative of my conversion.

At the age of ten I was baptised and became a member of the sect known as "Christians," of which my father was then an adherent, although my mother was a Methodist.

When about fifteen years of age a book called "Theology," by Wakefield, fell into my hands, and the various theories and speculations therein concerning faith, the divinity of Christ, the Holy Ghost, of the nature and effects of baptism, and so on, led me to think and ask questions about such things. I was told to go and get the baptism of the Holy Spirit. Failing to understand what that might be, and receiving no satisfactory information about it or any answer to my question, I began to care little for church going, and ceased attending any one in particular, except when my irreligious tendencies excited the parental ire; but off and on would drop in at the various churches, as my humor or fancy led me. Sometimes an urgent appeal by a popular preacher awakened feelings of compunction and a desire to know more of God, but not believing in the received method of regeneration, I contented myself with "trying to be good," feeling sure that if God loved me He would save me. The exhortations of my mother and other pious friends, telling me to get religion, were doubtless well meant, but they only succeeded in disquieting my mind, so that my father, who is now a Baptist preacher, feared I should become an infidel.

When I had nearly given up the "trying to be good," for I was making a sad failure of it, Balmes' work, "Protestantism and Catholicity Compared," was lent me by a friend. Out of sheer curiosity I read a few chapters to learn what Catholics had to say for themselves. God was pleased to enkindle and enflame within me an ardent desire of learning more concerning that church, which I had always been taught to look upon as the "Scarlet Woman," "Man of Sin" and "Anti-Christ." And even while reading Catholic books I felt that I was on forbidden ground. All of my previous doubts revived with double force, till I became positively annoying to my friends among the ministers in my efforts to obtain information. Some months afterward it was my fortune to become acquainted with a Catholic priest, who gave me some books, among which were "Faith of Our Fathers" and "Milner's End of Controversy." The paternal authority, however, now judged that it was about time to interfere, and all Catholic books were forbidden our home, while the Bible was recommended as able to settle all of my difficulties.

At that time I had no idea of becoming a Catholic, yet I kept on reading their books by stealth, and once, when my father was absent from the city, ventured two or three times to attend Catholic services. Soon after my father's return I decided to become a Catholic, being then nearly seventeen years of age. The priest had been very kind to me; his patience and tenderness quite reversed the idea previously held of priestcraft and duplicity. The paternal influence could not stem by any means the tide which swept me on to "Romanism."

To the disgust of my parents and the surprise of my friends, the 14th of October, 1887, saw me received into the "Communion of the Saints," for which blessing I will ever pour out grateful thanks to the Holy Ghost, Whom I found at last, or, rather, Who led me into His Holy Church, settling all of my doubts forever.

The Colored Catholics of New Orleans.

BY PEREGRINA.

A temporary sojourner in this typical Southern city, where one meets the descendants of Ham at every turn, is forcibly struck by the picturesque appearance of many of the elder women. They wear the Madras or other many-shaded bandana, head-gear of "ye olden time," wrapped about their heads in a manner unique and, to the uninitiated, baffling description, while poising a huge round basket of vegetables thereupon, each hand, also, not infrequently laden with a smaller load. They are seen early in the mornings, walking steadily along, stopping at the houses of their customers or vending their fresh, crisp and oftentimes home-raised esculents on the streets. There are women who even yet may be heard addressing one much their superior in the ante-bellum terms of "marse" or "missus," or who, perhaps, may drop a low courtesy when spoken to by such. Almost unconsciously our traveler is led to inquire something concerning the present aspects of the race in this city, their mode of life, occupations, and their progress, both material and spiritual. To a Catholic the first thought, of course, turns to those of our own faith, who are mostly the freed slaves or descendants of slaves once belonging to Catholic families.

After the war many of the plantation slaves in Louisiana drifted into New Orleans, where they, men and women alike, managed to find some way of making a living and getting along, being very much helped on by the favorable climate. Those who had been trained to domestic service easily found places as cooks, chambermaids, children's nurses, coachmen, waiters, etc., in which capacities we see many of them at present. Those accustomed to outdoor labor were necessitated to pick up, for the time being, such odd jobs as they could get, in order to eke out a living from day to day. I am told that, then as now, there was a showing of mechanics among them, which number has perceptibly increased since their emancipation; there are moreover many letter-carriers and policemen of their race. A few, moreover, hold good positions in the custom-house and other places requiring intelligence and responsibility. So far for the race here in general. Now as to the Catholic portion of it. In spite of many efforts to ascertain the number of colored Catholics in the city, I have been unable to do so; but it must be very considerable, and far in excess of all the Protestant denominations. The freed slaves here of Catholic owners cling to the faith in which they were raised with a tenacity that is wonderful, considering their ignorance, while they strive their utmost to bring their children up Catholics. Many of these older ones of the race who once bore the yoke of slavery are truly pious and edifying, and during the ceremonies of Holy Week not one church did I visit without seeing therein a goodly number of them. Of course, the attractions in the way of superior educational advantages in the Protestant institutions, such as the two colored universities, the New Orleans and the Leland, and kindred influences, no doubt have had their effect upon the present generation, as well as the no less potent influence of the fact that the colored Catholics of New Orleans have no parochial church of their own, but must of necessity attend the churches of the whites, sitting in the back part or along the side on benches affixed to the walls, as is the case in St. Louis Cathedral, the Church of Our Lady of Good Help and a few others. The parishes containing the greatest number of them are Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, St. Augustine's and the Annunciation, all three French parishes. They have beneficial and religious societies connected with many of the churches.

Three of these, the Knights of St. Benedict, the Good Samaritans and the Holy Family, with a membership of about 300, are connected with the

Redemptorist churches alone, although the members reside in various parts of the city. Very recently one of the above-mentioned societies gave quite a creditable musical entertainment for their own benefit. Annually in all the parish churches there are colored children, and sometimes adults, to make their First Communion. Schools, too, taught either by religious or Catholic lay teachers have been established for them in various parishes. The Sisters of Perpetual Adoration, on Marais street, the first white religious in the State, and probably in the country, to open a school for them, have a large colored school, with an average daily attendance of two hundred. The number who there made their First Communion this spring and were confirmed amounted to forty. These Sisters are also about to open a colored school in Gretna, which lies across the river. The Sisters of Mercy, in St. Michael's parish, have taught a colored school for several years, and until the recent disastrous conflagration in New Orleans, there was also one connected with the Redemptorist parish and numbering about 125 scholars, taught by a Catholic lay teacher.



The Lazarists at St. Joseph's Church have likewise a school for them.

Among the confirmed at the St. Louis Cathedral last spring I noticed a very large class of colored children. These had been prepared for the reception of the sacraments by the Sisters of the Holy Family, a community of colored religious, founded in this city in 1842 by the Most-Rev. Archbishop Blanc and his vicar-general, the late Very Rev. Abbe Rousselon. Four young women, natives of New Orleans and descended from some of the most respectable colored families here, began the good work by teaching catechism and preparing those of their own sex for First Communion. After years of perseverance in their holy task, they were formed into a religious congregation, bearing the above-mentioned name, and devoted to educational and charitable works among those of their own race, more especially among the women. The community now has three houses in New Orleans, the mother house, novitiate and school, in the substantial-looking building (once a famous old dance hall) on Orleans street, near where the street begins, just back of the Cathedral

garden, with its tall banana plants, its oleanders and all manner of gay, semi-tropical blooms; the other buildings are an asylum for orphans and a home for old people. There are over twenty-three Sisters at the mother house, with ninety children attending day school there and some boarding scholars; five Sisters at the asylum, which shelters eighty-eight orphans; four Sisters are in charge of the Old People's Home, with thirty-one inmates, the utmost it can accommodate. Connected with the Convent of the Sisters of the Holy Family is a branch of the Apostleship of Prayer, which has a membership of 700. The ground adjoining that on which the mother house of this community stands was occupied for many years by a theatre, the walls of which were but three feet from the Sisters' chapel, and that portion of it containing the altar. As might be supposed, this was a source of great annoyance and grief to them, which vented itself in fervent supplications to heaven that God in His own good way and time would send relief. Nor did they pray in vain, for one night a fire broke out which reduced the theatre to a mass of ruins and threatened destruction to the convent itself.

The unencumbered ground, now so desirable to the Sisters, was, later on, purchased by them, and one beholds on the site of the former theatre the recently erected, indeed, scarcely finished, orphan asylum of St. John Berchmans, thus fitly named in commemoration of the miraculous circumstances connected with a picture of the saint which was in their chapel at the time of the fire. A Jesuit Father is spiritual director of this community, and daily says mass in their chapel.

Nor are the colored people of New Orleans forgotten by the Sisters of the Good Shepherd. This noble community, numbering about fifty members, has had, since 1873, nearly twenty years ago, a department for colored women and children, a class both of reformation and preservation, some of the former class remaining as penitents, others, again, leaving the house thoroughly reformed, which is proven by their subsequent conduct. At present, the number of colored women and children in charge of the Good Shepherd Sisters are fifty-two, their ages ranging from two to fifty years.

The above-mentioned are some of those spiritual advantages which must needs accomplish the regeneration of the race, at the same time adding greatly to its material progress. A church edifice of their own is now the great desideratum to help forward the good work, and this, we trust, will be theirs at no far distant day.

New Orleans.

IS THIS SO? YES!

Does THE COLORED HARVEST provide in great measure the means of support for St. Joseph's Seminary and the Colored Missions? YES!

Does it also provide in great measure for the young men in the Epiphany Apostolic College, the feeder of St. Joseph's Seminary? YES!

Is St. Joseph's Society the only means regularly established for winning to the Faith the 8,000,000 Negroes who dwell in our land? YES!

Should you not show your love for the Faith by striving to spread it, which you will do by subscribing to THE COLORED HARVEST, the chief means of support of the Seminary and College for the Negro Missions? YES!

Will you not then subscribe for THE COLORED HARVEST and become a ZELATOR, or at least start a SNOWBALL? YES!

"I must say that nothing could be more cheerfully given than these mites we send you."

The German and French editions of THE COLORED HARVEST are now ready. Zelators will bear this in mind.

Every subscriber should receive a Blessed Medal of St. Joseph and the Holy Face.

LIBERIA.

The Commonwealth of the Colored People.

BY A. J. REINHARD.

Toward the close of the eighteenth century, thoughtful men in the United States, realizing the evils of slavery, set about contemplating what means might be had recourse to for its abolition. Naturally, some of them—among whom was Thomas Jefferson—hit upon the idea of colonization, and the founding about this time, by English philanthropists, of a colony at Sierra Leone, Africa, was no doubt inspired from America.

It was not, however, until in 1817 that a serious attempt was made to carry into practice what to many seemed a dream. In this year Samuel J. Mills and a minister, Dr. Robert Finley, together with a few other zealous men, succeeded in organizing in Washington the Colonization Society. Officers were elected on January 1, 1817, and in November, Mills and a Mr. Burgess sailed for Africa to explore the western coast and select a suitable spot. At Sherbro Island they obtained promises from the natives to sell land to the colonists on their arrival. Mills died before reaching home, but his colleague made a most favorable report of the locality, though, as the event proved, it was a highly unfortunate one.

In 1807 the importation of slaves into the United States had been strictly prohibited, but no provision had been made for the unfortunates lawlessly smuggled in. But when public interest in the cause had been aroused by the efforts of the Colonization Society, the President of the United States was authorized, in 1819, to colonize such Negroes as might be seized in the prosecution of vessels plying the slave trade, and to appoint proper persons residing upon the coast of Africa as agents for receiving these colored people. The sum of \$100,000 was appropriated for carrying out these provisions. President Monroe construed them as broadly as possible in aid of the project of colonization, and after having, in his message, given Congress fair notice of his intentions, no objection being made, he appointed two agents and chartered the ship *Elizabeth*. Thus from the outset the Government of the United States took an essential part in the establishment of the colony.

On the 6th of February, 1820, the *Elizabeth*, with eighty-six colored people and the agents on board, weighed anchor in New York harbor and steered her course towards the Dark Continent, where they arrived on the 9th of March. The low, marshy ground and the bad water of the spot previously selected bred fever, which carried off the agents and about one-fourth of the emigrants. But soon more arrived from America; the coast was explored; an elevated and desirable tract was selected, and, after some difficulties with the natives, the emigrants finally settled in this new place—a narrow tongue of land formed by the Montserado river, which separates it from the mainland.

On April 25, 1822, the emigrants formally took possession of the cape, and from this moment we may date the existence of the colony. Its present name, Liberia, was given to it by the Rev. R. Gurley, secretary of the society, who visited the settlement in 1824. He also caused a constitution to be adopted, by which, for the first time, a definite share in the control of affairs was given to the colonists themselves.

From 1832 onward independent colonies were founded in the neighborhood of Liberia by different societies, such as those of Maryland, Pennsylvania, Mississippi, etc. A plan was at length agreed upon by all except Maryland by which the colonies were united into the "Commonwealth of Liberia," of which, in 1837, Thomas Buchanan was appointed first Governor.

The advantages of union were soon apparent. The more aggressive native tribes, with whom not a little trouble had been experienced, were made to feel the strength of the Commonwealth; many of the smaller chiefs voluntarily put themselves under

its authority; traffic in slaves all along the coast was checked, and inter-tribal warfare prevented. Buchanan was the last white man who exercised authority in Liberia. On his death, Joseph Jenkins Roberts, a Virginia Negro, succeeded him. Roberts, who had been born at Norfolk in 1809, went to Liberia in 1829, and rapidly rose to wealth and distinction. He had not long been Governor when trouble arose with the British coastwise traders. Liberia had enacted laws imposing duties on all imported goods, but the Englishmen ignored the regulations of the struggling colony, and confiscated the little colonial revenue schooner. The British Government opened a correspondence with the United States, in which it was ascertained that Liberia was not in political dependence upon them. Consequently, Liberia was given to understand that the operations of British traders would in future be backed by the British navy. The old story of English doings!



The Colonization Society, while claiming for Liberia the right to exercise sovereign powers, seems to have had the secret conviction that England's position, however ungenerous, was logically unassailable. The supreme authority wielded by the society was undoubtedly inconsistent with the idea of a sovereign state. Accordingly, all control over the colony was surrendered, and a convention of Liberians that met on July 26, 1847, adopted a new constitution, closely modeled on that of the United States. In September it was ratified by vote of the people, and Governor Roberts was elected President.

The history of Liberia from this point on assumes a peculiar interest. The capabilities of the Negro are subjected to a crucial test. He is left fully freed from the control of an alien race, in possession of a borrowed political system of an advanced type, dependent on popular intelligence for its very existence. Can he maintain his position? Will he make further progress? Or is he to lapse helplessly back into his original condition? The question is a vital one.

The President of Liberia is elected every two years. The legislative authority consists of a Senate of two members from each county, elected for four years, and a House of Representatives holding office for two years. The judicial power is vested in a Supreme Court and in subordinate courts established by the Legislature.

The new machinery of government was soon running smoothly. Within the little State peace and prosperity prevailed; its foreign relations, on the contrary, were involved in the greatest uncertainty. The dispute with England, whose protege on the north—Sierra Leone—looked with jealousy on Liberian policy, remained unsettled. Accordingly, President Roberts determined to go abroad and appeal to the United States and the leading courts of Europe. In America his reception was

enthusiastic. But the delicacy with which anything touching ever so remotely upon the slavery question had to be handled, prevented him from obtaining the formal recognition of Liberia. He then decided to plead his country's cause in England, and here substantial rewards met his efforts. His prepossessing personality, tact, and statesman-like qualities won many friends, with the support of whom the recognition of Liberia as a sovereign State was soon obtained, together with a commercial treaty which left nothing to be desired. In France and Belgium similar generous treatment was experienced, and Roberts was conveyed home in triumph on the British man-of-war *Amazon*. Roberts later on returned to Europe to adjust some commercial disputes with England, on which occasion he also visited France, where Louis Napoleon presented him with arms and uniforms for the equipment of the Liberian troops.

The internal condition of the republic during its first decade was one of unprecedented growth and prosperity. The Colonization Society in America was in a flourishing condition and gained friends on every side. Over 5,000 picked emigrants were transported to Liberia. Agriculture, especially the cultivation of rice, coffee, sugar and cotton, made rapid progress, while commerce was stimulated by the establishment of regular monthly lines of steamers between England and various points on the coast.

In 1855 the Maryland colony was formally received into Liberia, chiefly as a consequence of a native uprising within the former. Wars between the natives and Liberia occurred at times, and a widespread scarcity of provisions followed them; but this eventually did good in giving new emphasis to the fact that the main reliance must be placed upon agriculture rather than trade. The great resources of Liberia were shown at a splendid national fair held in 1858.

Space forbids us to dwell further upon the political development of the little republic. Suffice it to say, that although dissensions have occasionally arisen, they have as yet been overcome successfully. But before closing, we must be allowed briefly to summarize the results gained so far for the cause of humanity and civilization by the colored commonwealth:

The slave trade has been checked. The coast upon which the colony was established had for centuries been one of the chief resorts of the slave dealers of these realms. The colonists set their face resolutely against the infamous traffic, and after a hard struggle six hundred miles of the coast was permanently freed from this curse.

The adjacent parts of Africa have been civilized. One after another of the native chiefs has sought, with his people, admission to the privileges of citizenship, agreeing to conform to the laws of the country and abolish barbarous aboriginal customs, such as the cruel treatment of the domestic slaves. The arts of civilized life have gradually been made familiar to these natives.

Christianity has been propagated. The attempts to evangelize the western districts of Africa, the first of which was made by the Roman Catholic Church as early as 1481, constitute one of the saddest and most discouraging records of history. It has been a bitter experience that has proved that this work can be undertaken successfully only by men of African blood, for whom the climate has no terrors. From the first the colonists were active in spreading a knowledge of the Gospel among the natives, and numerous able missionaries are at work in Liberia and along its borders. At the present time eight priests of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost are in the Vicariate Apostolic of Sierra Leone and Liberia.

Staten Island.

WHO IS A ZELATOR?

A ZELATOR is one who gets twenty subscribers for THE COLORED HARVEST. Try and become a ZELATOR. A special Mass is offered for their intentions on the first Friday of every month.

OUR BENEFACTORS.

In the first place, our benefactors become affiliated members of St. Joseph's Society, thus sharing in all its spiritual benefits and participating in the merits of the missionaries, in their sufferings, labors and good works, as well as in the prayers daily recited by rule at St. Joseph's Seminary and the Epiphany Apostolic College.

SOME WAYS OF HELPING ON OUR WORK.

I. *By becoming a Founder of St. Joseph's Society.* The donor of a purse of (\$5,000) for the perpetual education of a priest for the Negro missions becomes a Founder of St. Joseph's Society and Seminary. In order to perpetuate the memory of an act so pleasing to God, and to secure for the Founders constant and daily prayers, their names will be inscribed on a marble tablet, which will be placed within the Seminary Chapel when built. A Founder has the unspeakable consolation of knowing that during his life and after his death a priest, the outcome of his charity, will stand at the altar, a living witness before God of his love for souls; and when one priest dies, another will take the vacant place.

II. *By establishing a St. Joseph's scholarship.* The sum of (\$250) two hundred and fifty dollars yearly pays for the support, education and clothing of a seminarian at St. Joseph's Seminary. The giver of a *St. Joseph's scholarship* has the happiness of placing at God's altar a priest, in whose merits, labors and sacrifices he will forever share.

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V. The legal title is *St. Joseph's Seminary of Baltimore*.

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1. St. Joseph's Society is composed of clergy and laity. The former devote themselves to the evangelization of the colored people, while the latter contribute of their means to support missions amongst them.

2. Annual subscribers to THE COLORED HARVEST are members of St. Joseph's Society.

3. The yearly subscription is twenty-five cents.

4. Any person willing to undertake the office of Zelator, by getting twenty subscribers, will please address:

REV. J. R. SLATTERY,

St. Joseph's Seminary,

Baltimore, Md.

or REV. D. MANLEY,

Epiphany Apostolic College,

Highland Park, Baltimore, Md.

TO THE PATRONS OF THE COLORED HARVEST

SECOND BLESSING OF OUR HOLY FATHER.

Most Holy Father:

The Rev. J. R. Slattery, Rector of St. Joseph's Seminary for the conversion of the Negroes, humbly prostrate at the feet of Your Holiness, begs that Your Holiness will deign to impart your apostolic blessing upon the little paper—THE COLORED HARVEST—which is founded for the support of the Seminary, and also upon all who, by subscribing to it, help on this evangelical work.

In an audience held on July 5th, 1891, His Holiness Leo R. P. XIII, graciously vouchsafed to grant his blessing as above requested.

IGNATIUS, Archbishop of Damietta,
Secretary.

AT THE PROPAGANDA, ROME, July 5th, 1891.

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Having paid 25 cents, the annual subscription for THE COLORED HARVEST, M.....

Is a member until.....
The object of St. Joseph's Society is the evangelization of the colored race, and the spiritual and temporal welfare of all subscribers to THE COLORED HARVEST.

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These Novenas of Masses will be said during this year:

1. In preparation for the Feast of St. Joseph.
For the patronage of St. Joseph.
For the Feast of the Sacred Heart.
For the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin.
For the Feast of St. Ann, the Mother of Our Blessed Lady.

For the Feast of All Souls for the dead members of St. Joseph's Society.

For the Feast of Our Lady of Lourdes, February 11.
For the Feast of Pentecost.

For the Feast of Rosary, first Sunday in October.

2. Every day during October, when is issued THE COLORED HARVEST, the Rosary will be said for all subscribers both in St. JOSEPH'S SEMINARY and the EPIPHANY APOSTOLIC COLLEGE.

3. THREE HUNDRED MASSES will be said at different Missions among the colored people and the pagans of foreign lands.

4. ONE HUNDRED MASSES at the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre.

5. ONE HUNDRED MASSES at the shrine of the Holy Face, Tours, France.

6. FIVE HUNDRED MASSES at St. Joseph's Seminary and the Epiphany Apostolic College.

7. On the first Friday of every month, in honor of the Sacred Heart, the Holy Mass will be offered up for the Zelators.

8. All subscribers by being members of St. Joseph's Society participate in the merits of the missionaries now on their missions, in their sufferings, labors and good works, as well as the prayers daily recited by rule in St. JOSEPH'S SEMINARY and the EPIPHANY APOSTOLIC COLLEGE.

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10. Persons anxious to obtain these benefits for the dead may do so by enrolling the names of the deceased on the certificate of membership, who will also have a special Novena for "All Souls" day.

REV. J. R. SLATTERY,

St. Joseph's Seminary,

Baltimore, Md.

N. B.—The year begins from the time of paying the subscription.

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Subscribers to the COLORED HARVEST are members of St. Joseph's Society for the Negro Missions. Every one is entitled to a blessed medal of the Holy Face and St. Joseph, which is specially struck off for this number of the COLORED HARVEST.

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☞ Membership holds for one year from the time of subscribing.

☞ Subscriptions received at any time during the year.

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On the first Wednesday of every month the Holy Sacrifice will be offered up for all subscribers who daily say this prayer for this intention—an increase of missionary vocations to the Colored Missions.

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REV. J. R. SLATTERY,

St. Joseph's Seminary,

Baltimore, Md.

Need of Books for Our Libraries.

The libraries in our institutions are hardly deserving the name. Specially is this the case in the Epiphany Apostolic College. Theological, philosophical, polemical, historical and kindred works will be very acceptable to the library of St. Joseph's Seminary.

At the Epiphany Apostolic College there is need of the great English classical authors, specially Catholic, viz: the works of Wiseman, Newman, Manning, Coleridge, &c., &c. Devotional works are another great want.

☞ ZELATORS will be careful to forward the names of all subscribers.